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GREAT BARD A NATURE FAKER

Shakespeare's Liberties With the Animals, Also With the Birds and Insects—How He Libeled the Poor Toad.

BEFORE proceeding to lambaste the nature fakers, a harsh critic recently regretted that he felt obliged—on account of his wonderful knowledge of the habits of animals—to intrude upon so unpleasant a subject. But to the present writer the subject does not appear to be at all unpleasant. It has furnished lots of delightful reading matter, has made a few reputations, and has added materially to the gayety of nations.

Nature fakers have plied their nefarious trade since the time of Aesop and Mother Goose, and in the English-speaking world there has, perhaps, existed no more hardened sinner of a nature faker than William Shakespeare.

Bernard Shaw recently criticised Shakespeare severely. Prof. T. B. Mayor, in the course of an address before the Royal Society of Literature, said that Tolstoy had declared that a careful reading of Shakespeare's work in his sixty-fifth year only confirmed the weariness and disgust produced by him in his earlier studies. The Bard of Avon being, therefore, "down," now is seemingly the time to hit him!

Imagine the shudder of horror that shook the White House—likewise the cabin of the Sage of "Slabsides"—when this passage from Othello swept into the ken of the occupants: "I'd father be a toad, and feed upon the vapor of a dungeon!" (See reports of department of Agriculture for contents of stomachs of toads, showing where-on they feed.) Likewise Mr. Scott Snyder's poem:

The Poor Toad.

"The weather's warm" (says the toad), "the afterglow is just my time for catching flies!"

Again, Shakespeare, in The Merchant of Venice, makes the toad "ugly and venomous," a statement highly preposterous in the ordinary sense, as every schoolboy knows.

The bard libels the toad again and again. He places him with the snake in every accumulation of horrors. In Titus Andronicus he speaks of "Ten thousand swelling toads," and refers to the harmless batrachian not only by direct mention, but by suggestion. "The envious malice of thy swelling heart," says Aaron. So Pericles of the swelling ocean: "Thou storm, thou! venomously wilt thou spit all thyself!"

But a more exact coincidence will be found in Henry VI, where Gloster speaks of "The venomous malice of thy swelling heart," the exact words of Aaron, except that "venomous" takes the place of "envious." Now, Shakespeare uses the two words as synonymous ("envenomed with his envy," in Hamlet), and envy when symbolized is the toad.

What nature faking is here! The toad is not venomous, and, as he never thinks (see Burroughs), how can he possess the mental concept of envy?

Weeping Animals.

Even when partially correct in his natural history, Shakespeare cannot refrain from nature-faking. It is said to be an established fact—the writer asserts nothing on this delicate subject—that the ruminating animals weep. Thus far, then, the author of As You Like It is justified in the passage:

To the which place a poor sequestered stag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish; and, indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans,
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting; and the big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase; and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy Jacques,
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

So far—the deer being a ruminant—so good; but when the Duke inquires regarding Jacques—

"And did you leave him in this contemplation?" the reply is:

"We did, my lord, weeping and commenting upon the sobbing deer." Sobbing deer! What are the trivialities of the Rev. Dr. Long compared to that sublime audacity!

In Hamlet, Shakespeare treads on most delicate ground when he says: "a beast, that lacks discourse of reasons," etc.

The great (and good) Bishop Berkeley asserts, according to Byron, that only the reasoning animals get drunk. Therefore, if animals get drunk, according to Berkeley they cannot lack discourse of reason. But what did Shakespeare care for all that!

The poet is, perhaps, excusable when in Hamlet he discourses learnedly on the cock, whom he calls the trumpet of the morn, and says that at Chritsmas time:

"This bird of warning croweth all night long," because

So sacred and so hallowed is the time.

Living when and where he did, he could not possibly have known that in Honolulu and in Norfolk, Va., the bird of warning croweth all night long all the year round!

In Titus Andronicus.

Mr. Phil Robinson some years ago endeavored to prove—and succeeded, I think, in demonstrating — that Shakespeare was the author of Titus Andronicus. Mr. Robinson used for his argument the natural history of the play, but as nature-faking had not at that time been discovered—and virtuously denounced—he did not insert in his brief the fact that the Bard resorts to it in all of his plays. Titus bears much internal witness to this sin. For instance: "The bearwhelp's dam is with the lion deeply still in league." Here we have a "liger" (Tamora is so called) who has for her first husband a bear, and a lion for her second. Tamora displays her weird knowledge of entomology when she warns her sons not to let "the wasp" live after they have robbed it of "its honey."

Aaron says:

For all the water in the ocean
Can never turn a swan's black legs to white,
Although she lave them hourly in the flood.

This is not the only time that Shakespeare ignores the fact that the swan is a fresh water bird. He makes it a sea bird, likewise, in Antony and Cleopatra.

Shakespeare always characterizes the nightingale who sings as a female bird. Thus Aaron: "Hark, Tamora, Philomel must lose her tongue today." The entomology of Titus is on a level with that of Tamora encouraging her sons to the unremunerative task of robbing wasps of their honey. Later we read:

We'll follow where thou leadest—
Like stinging bees on hottest summer day
Led by their master to the flowered fields.

Now when Virgil or Ovid speaks of leading bees to flowered fields, the poet refers to the practice in southern Europe, doubtless unknown to Shakespeare, of transporting whole farms of hives on large decked boats from pasturage to pasturage, but is it likely that the English dramatist, at a time when bee-keeping was universal, would speak of "stinging" bees following "their master" in a friendly spirit, on the hottest summer day? The fact is that Shakespeare shared with his audience the error or "fake" that bees have a king. Pliny is delightful on this theme, and Virgil has some charming references to the male monarch of the hive. It was "the magister of the hive," "the master bee" that led them, according to Shakespeare. Elsewhere he makes the male bee produce honey, and call the neuters, she. As Maeterlinck says: "Tantus amor florum, et generandi gloria mellis! cries Virgil in the fourth book of Georgics, wherein he devotes himself to the bees, and hands down to us the charming errors of the ancients, who looked on nature with eyes still dazzled by the presence of imaginary gods."

Again the Bees.

Witness, likewise, what Shakespeare makes the Archbishop of Canterbury say of bees in King Henry V:

For so work the honey bees,
Creatures that by a rule in nature teach
The art of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a king and officers of sort;
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home,
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad,
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds,
Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the tent-royal of their emperor;
Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
The singing masons building roofs of gold,
The civil citizens kneading up the honey,
The poor mechanic porters crowding in
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate,
The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum,
Delivered o'er to executors pale
The lazy, yawning drone.

Shakespeare would have us believe that crocodiles shed tears of pretense. In Henry VI, Queen Margaret says:

And Glo'sters' shew
Beguiles him, as the mournful crocodile
With sorrow snares relenting passengers.

and later:

What, art thou, like the adder, waxen deaf?

Is the adder deaf? Here is a matter of almost equal moment to the great question, "do chipmunks hibernate?"

To pass from a weeping crocodile to a groaning plant is easy. In the same play Suffolk exclaims, "A plague upon them! Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake groan." The fabulous accounts of the plant called a mandrake give it an inferior degree of animal life, and relate that when it is torn from the ground it groans, and that this groan, being certainly fatal to him that is offering such unwelcome violence, the practice of those who gather mandrakes is to tie one end of a string to the plant, and the other to a dog, upon whom the fatal groan discharges its malignity.

When the Duke of Gloucester was born, a fair-sized aviary seems to have been impaneled to pronounce evil upon him, according to King Henry XI, who thus addresses:

The owl shriek'd at thye birth, an evil sign;
The night-owl cry'd, aboding luckless time;
Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempest shook down trees;
The raven rook'd her on the chimney top,
And chattering pyes in dismal discords sung.

Shakespeare was never at a loss for a bird; when he needed a fowl for any special purpose he invented one.

Miscellaneous Indictment.

A miscellaneous indictment of Master Shakespeare as a nature-faker includes many trifles. In The Tempest, Caliban — himself a nature-fake — agrees to instruct Trinculo how to

Snare the nimble Marmozet,

when all the non-nature-faking world knows that the marmoset is not indigenous to Bermuda, wherein the scene of The Tempest was laid. In The Winter's Tale, and elsewhere, the poet speaks of the mole as "blind," a most egregious error. His statement—in King Lear—that

The hedge sparrow fed the cuckoo so long
That it had its head bit off by its young,

is open to criticism. Of Hamlet's cloud that was "almost in the shape of a camel, backed like a weasel," and "very like a whale," the less said the better. Not content in The Winter's Tale with having Antigonus in the desert country in Bohemia, "exit pursued by a bear," he allows the clown to say later:

"To see how the bear tore out his shoulder bone" (shades of Dr. Long!), and

"How the poor gentleman roared, and the bear mocked him; both roaring louder than the sea. . . . The bear half-dined on the gentleman; he's at it now."

Macbeth, alas, is likewise full of nature-faking. Lady Macbeth says:

"I heard the owl scream, and the crickets cry," and Lenox continues the observation that

"The obscure bird clamored the live-long night." Rosse and an old man, who should have known better, are allowed to say:

Old Man—On Thursday last,
A faulcon, towering in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawked at and killed.
Rosse—And Duncan's horses (a thing most strange and certain),
Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,
Turned wild in nature—
Old Man—'Tis said, they eat each other.
Rosse—They did so; to the amazement of mine eyes,
That look'd upon't.

And although Macbeth states a little later on that "Stones have been known to move and trees to speak," the palm for nature-faking in the play must be awarded to Rosse.

The few examples herein given represent but a mere skimming of the surface of several of the plays, but they are sufficient to lead to the conclusion that Shakespeare was the paramount nature-faker of all time. He likewise showed his ingenuity in escaping the big sticks of twentieth century nature oracles by resorting to the subterfuge of dying in 1616.—Charles Frederick Stanbury, in the New York World.

About Soft-Shelled Crabs.

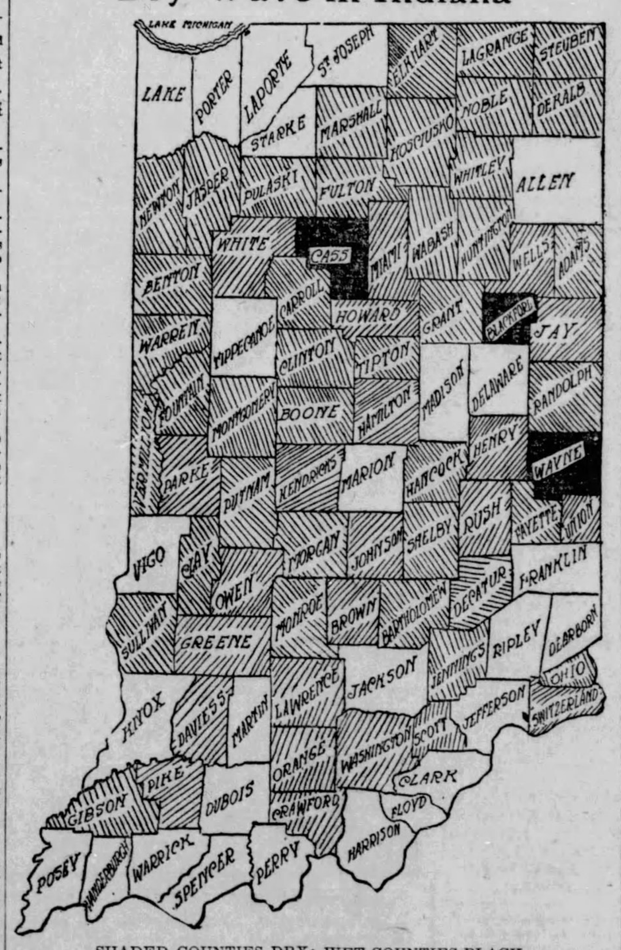
Chicago News.

Many persons believe that the hard-shelled crab and the soft-shelled crab are two different species. This is not so. The shellfish thus distinguished are merely two conditions of the same species.

Once a year the crab sheds its hard outer coat, much as does a snake, in order to give itself room for greater growth. When it gets ready to make the transformation it sidles in close to shore, where the water at low tide will just cover it, and where it is comparatively safe from its maritime enemies. Then, when it is half buried in the sand, its shell splits open behind, and it painfully crawls out. The new coat, as soft as skin, is already well started. But until it shall have become fairly hard the crab stays almost motionless in the shoals. While it is in this condition its pincers are useless, and it falls an easy prey to the most insignificant enemy which happens upon it.

There is no particular time of year chosen by the crab for the metamorphosis. All through the twelve months fisher lads and barefoot fishermen wading with their baskets along the shore at low tide gather the helpless crabs, which fetch a high price in the markets. In their soft state they are worth from four to five times their price when in their natural hard condition.

Dry Wave in Indiana



SHADED COUNTIES DRY; WET COUNTIES BLACK.

Indianapolis, Ind., April 12.—Within less than three and a half months from the first election under the new local option law, 42 counties have been voted dry. Until reverses were met a week ago in Cass and Blackford the Anti-Saloon League was driving the state towards prohibition at a runaway pace. Superintendent Shumaker, of the league, says by the end of April at least 80 of the 90 counties will have boarded the water wagon.

Jackson, White, Delaware, Kosciusko, Starke, Martin and Jefferson are among the counties that will vote this month.

The league purposely tackled the easy propositions first to create sentiment and get experience, but is ready now for the wet strongholds. Terre Haute, South Bend, Fort Wayne, Muncie, Anderson, Lafayette and other larger cities are to be scenes of bitter fights during the next few months. For the time being nothing will be done toward making Indianapolis saloonless.

MISS HUNTINGTON

BY ROBERT BRACEFIELD

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Edward Burton, young Chicago lawyer, helps Miss Huntington to escape the attentions of Count Razadowski in Holland. Afterward Miss Huntington quits Paris mysteriously, leaving no word for Burton, who, desperately jealous toward a batch of fortune-hunters, determines to find her. He cables his American partners for $2,000. Miss Huntington is worth twenty millions.

CHAPTER X.

A Visit in the Dark.

Having taken the plunge, I felt easier, owing to the difference between European and American time, I knew I could expect no reply from Kimball until late the following day, so I went to bed, worn with the fatigue of my automobile tour, and depressed with the events in Paris.

The night was warm and I left my windows open to their fullest. It was some time before I could compose myself to sleep, and I am sure it must have been 2 or 3 o'clock before I finally found my meditations merging into dreams—dreams of Miss Huntington. I was still dreaming of her, although very sound asleep, when something disturbed me suddenly. It is a singular truth that a man may be aroused from the deepest slumber by the mere presence of some creature, human or otherwise, at his bedside. Just as you may make a person look at you by gazing intently at the back of his head, so you may arouse a sleeping man by the mysterious something that passes, like a current of electricity, from your being to his. I sat up in bed abruptly from my dreams, thoroughly wide awake in the twinkling of an eye, and perfectly sure that some one was in my room.

The apartment was very dark, and my eyes could discern nothing.

"Who are you?" I demanded.

There was no answer. The silence the ticking of my watch under the pillow. I already had my revolver in my fingers, for since the day I purchased it I had kept it within instant reach, day and night.

"If you come a step nearer," I said, "I shall shoot you, no matter who you are."

Still there was no sound. I heard nothing, and saw nothing, and yet I was just as confident that some presence was before me as if I had heard the creature's footsteps, and beheld its form hovering over me.

I trust I have no element of the coward in my makeup, but I believe no man living could have escaped the uncanny thrill of fear that swept over me—fear of the unknown. I have heard men say (or read it in fiction) that they never knew the twinge of fear, but I do not believe their words. We are all but human, and even if we make light of fear in the daytime the horrors of the dark must certainly have some hold on us.

Nevertheless, I quickly conquered the weakness.

"Answer me!" I called out. "If you value your life, you stealthy vagabond, tell me who you are and what you are doing in my room!"

There may have been something in my voice that carried conviction, for I heard a soft sound upon the carpet, as if feet were backing cautiously away from me.

"Hold!" I cried, springing out of bed with sudden resolution. "If you move another step, I shall let you have a bullet!"

My words had an effect opposite from what I expected. Instead of obeying, the intruder made a sudden dash to escape. He leaped toward a window that opened on a little balcony, and a second later I heard his feet upon the stone floor.

The heavens were heavily overcast and the night was so dark that I got not a glimpse of my midnight visitor. I had opportunity enough to shoot in his direction, but in spite of my threats I could not bring myself to fire upon a man in the dark, especially when his back was toward me. If he was a poor devil of a burglar, I did not want his blood on my hands, and if—

I struck a light. That "if" gave me something to think about. It referred logically to Count Razadowski.

I partly dressed and put my head out of the window. The intruder, of course was gone. I knew well enough how he had escaped. Sometimes I had smoked on that balcony before retiring, and I had observed that the window adjoining to the left opened from a branch corridor of the hotel. It had not occurred to me that a man might swing himself across the dizzy intervening space, but now I knew that my unknown visitor had done it, hazardous as the feat had been.

Uncertain what course to take, I turned back into my room. As I walked in the direction of my bed, my eyes caught the gleam of something on the floor. I picked up a small dagger. An ugly weapon it was—a long, pointed blade, scarcely wider than a finger at its hilt, and with a two-edged point as keen as a needle. I shuddered as I stood looking at it. Ah! had not some divine protecting power delivered me from the death-dealing sting of this murderous implement as I lay slumbering in my dreams!

I sat for a long time in reflection. That Count Razadowski had sought to murder me, I had not the slightest doubt. I was morally certain, now, that it was he who had crept into my apartment in the dead of night, bent upon plunging his knife into my heart. No doubt he had intended concealing the real motive of the crime by giving the affair the color of a burglary. Once he had killed me, he could have taken my valuables and disarranged the room as if a struggle had taken place.

I had not realized up to that night the dangerous nature of the man whose jealousy and hatred I had aroused. His attack on me in Rotterdam had been under the stress of passion, but this attempted crime in Paris was something altogether different. It showed a heart dyed in the deepest of criminal intent. The count was a man to be reckoned with hereafter, I knew that from this moment forward, as long as I stayed in Europe, my life would be in danger. If he failed to accomplish his end in one way, he would attempt it in another.

And yet the thing that troubled me most was the fact that this bloodthirsty leech had fastened himself upon Miss Huntington I could look out for myself. She might be at his mercy. I shuddered to think that the irresponsible, badly-balanced count might some day wreak his vengeance upon her, should she provoke him to the proper pitch. No wonder she fled from him whenever he approached!

It was half-dawn before I roused myself from reverie. My resolution now was fixed more deeply than ever. I had a new motive in finding Miss Huntington. If she were not already fully aware of the count's criminal nature, it was my duty to warn her. It was my duty to surround her with safeguards until some means could be found for getting Razadowski into captivity.

CHAPTER XI.

In Pursuit.

As to my immediate course, I pondered long that day. Even if I knew where the count was, I could lodge no complaint against him. Certain as I felt in my own mind, it would be folly to charge him with entering my room at the Grand hotel. I had no proof—nothing but my surmises. Therefore, I resolved to make no report whatever of the occurence, but wait for opportunity to trap the count when I had him in a corner.

As to my pursuit of Miss Huntington, I could do nothing until I heard from Kimball. I trembled lest he should fail to send me the money I had asked for. What if collections had been slow and our bank account depleted? At best, it would cramp Kimball to raise $2,000 on such short notice. Then, too, Connors might be sick, I reflected, or too much engaged to undertake the traction suits. A hundred direful possibilities occurred to me as I waited. My spirits sank. I ate nothing. Hollow-eyed from want of sleep, I paced the floor of the cable office and dragged away the hours. Suddenly my depression vanished, for this message was handed me:

"Burton, Paris—Money wired to Paris bank. What the devil are you up to?

KIMBALL."

I cabled back my thanks, together with an evasive answer to Kimball's query. How could I explain my foolish romance to a cold-blooded lawyer in far-away Chicago?

I made no atempt to assure myself that I was not a fool. I knew that I was, but it made no difference. Love makes fools of men, and they care little. True, Connors might charge $5,000 for his fee in the traction suit, but what was $5,000 compared to Miss Huntington? Wasn't it my duty to protect her from the count? To be sure, I had only a hazy idea of how I was to accomplish such protection. I had a distressing thought that perhaps Miss Huntington was able to protect herself. She had known the count for years, yet she had escaped being murdered. It occurred to me that perhaps the way in which I could be of most service would be to drop quietly out of the count's pathway. Since I had no hope of marrying Miss Huntington, why not relieve the complications by leaving Europe? Why complicate the situation still more by trailing around the continent to protect her?

The man who has been in love will know why I banished all such arguments, as utterly unworthy. Having dismissed them finally, I resolved to go to Italy. I made this resolution because Miss Huntington had spoken often of the pleasures of that sunny clime. I reasoned that the most likely country in which to search would be Italy. I determined to make a quick swing through the principal cities of the kingdom.

With $2,000 in a man's pocket, many things are possible. And yet I did not dream, then, of the exploits that were to come—of the adventures I was to purchase with Kimball's money.

I got out of Paris that night, going first to Venice. At the Hotel de l'Europe I found registered a Miss Huntington of Chicago, but when I sent up my card I was greeted by a stern woman of 50, who proved to be directress of the Drexel Boulevard Finishing School for Girls. I went away angry. What right had she to be Miss Huntington? There was only one Miss Huntington to me—only one in all the world. I would find her, too, if it took all my life.

After spending a day in fruitless searching I resolved to hurry next to Rome, and it filled me with rage to discover that I could not get away until next morning. I spent half the night in a gondola, ostensibly seeing Venice, but in reality seeing only Alice Huntington. What was Venice to me, since she was not there? Ah! how different it would have been if she had sat beside me!

The next afternoon in Rome I made the discovery that the Huntingtons had taken apartments at the Grand. Harrison and Black, too, were there.

I was too much beset by jealousy to call on Miss Huntington at once, so I hired a cab and told the driver to take me where he chose. A little of my ancient history glimmered in my head as we rode along the Quirinal, and I fell to meditating on the millions of people who had lived and loved and died in the Eternal City since the days of its great glory. How insignificant seemed my own romance!

I saw no more of Rome than I had seen of Venice, for Miss Huntington haunted my brain. I saw one thing, however, that roused me with a shock. While riding on the Corso I spied Lord Barnstable, strolling with the crowd.

The sight of him brought a sudden revulsion within me. From that moment I hated myself for following Miss Huntington. Evidently the lord had trailed her, just as I had done. Clearly, I was in his class. No doubt the earl, too, was fast on the scent, and the count, as well. The four of us were a fine lot—snubbed by Miss Huntington, yet pursuing her!

"Burton," I said, addressing myself, "you've played the fool long enough, It's time you returned to your senses. The girl is quite as impossible to you as she is to the other chaps. Quit it, Burton, quit it!"

I tried to convince myself that I had a higher motive in following Miss Huntington. I tried to argue that I was fulfilling a grave duty in protecting the girl from Count Razadowski. Argue as I would, however, I couldn't make myself out much different from Lord Barnstable. The sight of him on the Corso seemed to give the whole thing a different aspect. Besides, Miss Huntington did not stand in need of my protection. Did she not know the count better than I? Had she not warned me herself? Harrison and Black were with her. They were amply able to look after her if she needed masculine aid.

I had come a thousand miles to find her, yet I gave her up. Heaven knows I loved Alice Huntington, but that very moment I took a vow of renunciation. To save my self respect, I broke my heart.

"Farewell!" I said despairingly. "I have emerged from my trance. Henceforth, Alice, we must be strangers."

Ordering my cabman to drive to a steamship office, I engaged passage on the Kaiser Wilhelm, to sail from England in four days. The blackest of mental gloom oppressed me, but I held fast to my resolve.

That evening I sat alone for hours in the Restaurant San Carlo, engulfed in melancholy. The train-de-luxe for Paris would leave at midnight, and I had my ticket—through to London. All I had to do now was to keep out of sight until the hour for departure. It was 11:30 before I ventured back to the hotel. In leaving, I glanced into a smoking room and say my two rivals, drinking at a table, Harrison's eyes were glassy and Black's speech was thickening. I delighted at their degradation.

As I went away I gazed at the darkened upper windows of the hotel. A man may give up a girl and yet love her still.

CHAPTER XII.

The Rome-Paris Limited.

The Rome-Paris Limited was a corridor train, and its appointments were quite up to the American standard. My couch was soft, but sleep was foreign to me. It was dawn before I drifted into dreams—dreams of Miss Huntington, whom I left behind forever. The most horrible of nightmares oppressed me, in which Count Razadowski was bearing her away, while Harrison and Black sat on my chest and held me down. I awoke with the perspiration standing on my forehead.

When I went to breakfast in the dining car I got a shock that almost took me off my feet, for there sat Miss Huntington alone, at the very table to which I was assigned.

I would have withdrawn instantly, but she had seen me. The color rushed to her face.

"I had no idea you were on the train," I blundered. "Believe me, this is an accident."

Miss Huntington's look was dark for an instant, but it cleared.

"Since you didn't know I was on train," she answered. "I suppose you will jump off now that you have discovered me."

I regained my assurance. "Not until I have had my breakfast," I returned.

"You are independent," Mr. Burton. There was a tinge of sarcasm in her tone, and it nettled me.

"Independence is a trait Americans have," I retorted. "I have observed it even in yourself."

A puzzled look came into her face. "I trust you will believe," I added, "that I am too independent to have taken passage on this train had I known my presence might be unwelcome to—anyone."

She seemed to stiffen for a moment. "I have no occasion to believe otherwise, Mr. Burton. You treated me so badly in Rome that I am quite willing to believe you would have avoided me here, had you known."

I gazed at her in astonishment. "Treated you badly in Rome!" I echoed.

"Perhaps it was only a way of showing your American independence," she went on.

I was a little angry. "I don't quite follow you."

She hesitated. It cost her an effort to say it, after the stand I had taken. "You were in Rome, Mr. Burton. I was there. You didn't think it necessary to call."

My heart gave a bound. What a strange creature a woman is! Why should she expect me to call on her in Rome, when she had gone away from Paris without troubling herself to leave her address?

"When a girl runs away from a man," I said, boldly, "do you think he should run after her and call on her?"

I was heartily glad she did not know I had, indeed, run after her. I was glad I had regained my self-respect.

"Have I been running away from you, Mrs Burton? Dear me! let me think. I have run away from so many men that I can't remember the particulars."

A wave of anger swept over me. It was plain that she classed me merely as a masculine atom among the others.

"Let me think!" she repeated. "In Rotterdam I ran away from Count Razadowski. In Paris I ran away from him again. Incidentally, I included the earl and lord, and——"

"Me," I interrupted.

Her brow contracted. "No," she said. "I left a note for you, saying that I was going to Rome."

I regarded her in bewilderment, a sudden rush of joy taking hold of me. "I never got the note," I said.

We looked at each other in silence across the table.

"But I recall it most distinctly," she insisted. "I handed it myself to a porter with orders to have it put in your mail at the hotel."

We were both thinking the same thing. Someone had got the note.

However, it mattered little now. If one of my rivals had sought to throw me off, fate had frustrated his design. After all, I was not merely an atom, to run away from. Miss Huntington had fled from the count, and the earl and lord, but she had left a note for me. The only damper on my joy was the fact that she had taken Harrison and Black with her. Where were they now? Where was Madam Huntington? What was Alice Huntington doing, alone, on the Rome-Paris Limited?

There was a reticence about her that forbade me asking pointed questions, and yet she told me she was going to London.

"Direct?" I inquired.

"Yes, as quickly as possible."

How singular, since I was going straight through myself. The same mysterious fatality had again directed our paths at converging angles.

My steamship ticket fairly burned a hole in my pocket. Only four days before I would embark on the Kaiser Wilhelm for America! Mentally, I determined to exchange the ticket the instant I reached London for passage on a later steamer. Why go back to Chicago, when I had most of Kimball's two thousand dollars in my wallet? I had found Miss Huntington and circumstances had absolved me from my vow to forget her. For a while longer I would bask in her sunshine.

The train de luxe stopped at a station. Boys on the platform were calling Paris newspapers. I threw up a window and put my head out to get one. At the moment, there was no boy within hailing distance, and I staid there for perhaps a minute, waiting to attract an urchin's attention. The limited was a train of many carriages, most of them ahead of our own, and as the track curved slightly I could see the whole string of cars and the locomotive. There were a score of heads protruding from the windows of the train, just as my own protruded, and it was the merest chance that caused my eyes to rest upon one particular head among the many.

No doubt I was a bit flustered when I resumed my seat.

"Don't waste so black a scowl over a newsboy," Miss Huntington advised, lightly.

My first impulse was not to tell her what had upset me, but on second thought I deemed it wise to make her my confidante.

"It wasn't a newsboy that made me scowl," I said. "It was—something that I fear concerns you."

She looked at me apprehensively.

"Count Razadowski," I told her, quietly.

CHAPTER XIII.

An Unwelcome Passenger.

Miss Huntington turned white.

"Count Razadowski!" she gasped.

"Impossible."

"I saw him," said I, "with my own eyes."

The fingers that held her fork were trembling. I was sorry I had been so abrupt in telling her. I might have used more diplomacy. And yet I had never seen her so upset over the count.

"He was in Rome last evening," she insisted. "He could not have got here ahead of me. The Rome-Paris Limited is the first train to come over the road since the count called on me."

The truth flashed through my brain. Miss Huntington was fleeing again from the count! The dastardly scoundrel had found her. It was he who had stolen my mail at the Grand Hotel in Paris. He had opened the note and discovered her destination.

"He did not come ahead of you," I agreed. "He is aboard the Limited."

"On this train?" cried Miss Huntington.

I felt a deep compassion for her, and yet I had to tell her now that I had begun.

"I saw him distinctly. He had his head out of the window of his compartment, and was buying a box of luncheon of a boy on the platform."

Already I had reasoned that the count was keeping his presence on the train a secret from Miss Huntington. He was in a second-class carriage, and he avoided the dining car. It was his purpose to keep in the background, lest she escape him again. He proposed to trail her to London before revealing himself.

Miss Huntington was sitting straight in her chair, her eyes large and her face like chalk.

"Is there no way I can escape that man?" she said, piteously. "Oh, Mr. Burton, what shall I do?"

It was a glorious thing to be appealed to in such a feminine manner by this dear girl. How thankful I was I had proved to her that I was a self-respecting man, and not a fortune hunter. How easily I might have lowered myself in her eyes to the very level of the count himself. And how overjoyed I was that the same strange fatality which had thrown us together in the past had thrown us together on the Rome-Paris train-de-luxe!

"There is nothing for you to do," I replied, "except to remain tranquil and forget there is a Count Razadowski. Whatever is to be done, I shall do. The count and I have met before; we will meet again. He and I will settle this affair. Do not let it annoy you."

I spoke vaingloriously, but I did, in truth, feel inspired to any deed to protect Miss Huntington from this despicable count. I would hurl him through the car window.

Miss Huntington, however, was more sane than I.

"You must not get into a public brawl," she said. "It would mortify me—and besides, you must look out for yourself. The count is a dangerous man."

There was no need for me to tell her that I already knew my danger, indifferent as I was at the moment. I reflected, however, that I had already come near figuring in the newspapers, and dragging Miss Huntington's name in with mine. A little indiscretion now would plunge her into the most unenviable of notoriety—and perhaps plunge me into prison.

"You are right," I said. "I looked at the matter from a man's standpoint. You may trust me to conserve your interests."

Strategy, not violence, must be my course. Eager as I was to get my hands on the count, I must abide my time. For Miss Huntington's sake, at least, I must move with as much caution as if my head had not been turned by love.

Neither of us had more than tasted the viands before us. The menu was excellent and the scenery charming, yet we had no thought for either. I could not leave her now—I would not! I went with her to the compartment she occupied ahead.

There was something peculiarly confidential in her voice as we sat gazing abstractedly at the flying landscape—something that made the blood leap in my veins.

"The count's persecution of me has reached its limit," she said. "What shall I do?"

Never had she spoken so seriously of the count. Only once previous to that day had she shown anything like fear of him—when she warned me in Paris that he was eccentric. That she did fear him now was self-evident. She was making a confidant of me. Ah! what happiness to have her speak with unconscious accents that showed she trusted me!

There was something in her tone, however, that told me she had more than mere persecution now to contend with. It came over me like a flash.

"He has been threatening you!" I exclaimed, leaning forward to look her in the face.

Intuitively I felt that my estimate of the count had been proven sooner than I expected. Surely, the count had done more than pay suit to her.

Miss Huntington answered my question with her eyes.

"Where? When?" I demanded. "The vagabond! With what has he dared to threatel you?"

Miss Huntington looked at me in a helpless sort of way as if bewildered by the recollection. Then she answered slowly, catching her breath as she said the words:

"With death!"

(To be Continued.)

Value of Human Life.

Metropolitan Magaine.

When a person dies of tuberculosis we are apt to think, "Well, not only are his troubles over, but he is no longer an expense to family, friends, or the community." No further expense, perhaps, but nevertheless a great loss, not only in the circle of family or friends, but also to the community!

There are, it is said, 200 000 deaths from tuberculosis in the United States annually. Let us be conservative and say 150,000. The average age at time of death is 35 years. The normal life would go on for 32 years longer, or until the sixty-seventh year. Frederick L. Hoffman, a noted statistician, has estimated that the real loss of life of these 150,000 victims of consumption measured in time is 4,800,000 years a year.

If we assume that the net value of a year of human life is at least $50, the real loss to the nation resulting from the disease, a large portion of which is needless, may be estimated at $240,000,000 a year.

One Sport Made Dangerous.

Buffalo Express.

One feature of the new penal law, which has just replaced the penal code, is unknown to many of those persons most interested. It makes hazing in colleges and similar institutions a misdemeanor punishable by a fine of from $10 to $100, or imprisonment from 30 days to a year. Where the hazing takes the form of tattooing or disfiguring the body by nitrate of silver or a like substance, the sport is held to be of the nature of mayhem, and is punishable with imprisonment of from 3 to 15 years.

This is a severe blow at an old and a favorite sport. Little jokes that may cost 15 years in jail will lose their savor to the jokers. Probably the penal law reflects the feeling of legislators who have no sense of humor. There are really those who see no fun in hazing—who even consider it silly.

AS A MAN LIVES

BY E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

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CHAPTER XXIX.

The Breaking of the Storm.

It was at evensong in the great cathedral that she tasted the first fruits of her triumph. During the earlier portion of the service the shadows had half enveloped the huge body of the building, and the white faces of the congregation had been only dimly visible to us from where we sat in one of the high side pews. But when my father ascended the steps into the pulpit, and stood for a minute looking downwards with the light from a little semi-circle of candles thrown upon his pale, delicate face, I caught the sound of a sharp, smothered cry from a seat close to ours. With a little shiver of dread I looked around. She had half risen from her seat, and was leaning over the front of the pew. Her eyes were riveted upon him, and her thin, sallow face was white with sudden excitement. I saw him look up, and their eyes met for one terrible moment. He did not flinch or falter. But for the slightly prolonged resting of his eyes upon her eager, strained face he took no more notice of her than of any other member of the congregation. I alone knew that her challenge had been met and answered, and it was my hard fate to sit there and suffer in silence.

There was no mark of nervousness or weakness of any sort in the sermon he preached. He seemed to be speaking with a consciousness perhaps that it might be for the last time, and with a deliberate effort that some part of those delicately chosen sentences might leave an everlasting mark behind him. Already his fame as a preacher was spreading, and many of the townspeople were there, attracted by his presence. They listened with a rare and fervid attention. As for me, it seemed that I should never altogether lose the memory of that low, musical voice, never once raised above its ordinary pitch, yet with every word penetrating softly and clearly into the furthermost corner of the great building. There was a certain wistfulness in his manner that night, a gentle, pathetic eloquence which brought glistening tears into the eyes of more than one of the little throng of listeners. For he spoke of death, and of the leaving behind of all earthly things—of death, and of spiritual death—of the ties between man and woman and man and God. It was all so different to what is generally expected from a preacher with the reputation of eloquence, so devoid of the usual arts of oratory, and yet so sweetly human, aesthetically beautiful, that when at last, with a few words, in a sense valedictory, he left the pulpit, and the low strains of the organ grew louder and louder, I slipped from my seat and groped across the close with my eyes full of blinding tears. I had a passionate conviction that I had misjudged my father. Suddenly he seemed to loom before my eyes in a new light—the light of a martyr. My judgments concerning him seemed harsh and foolish. Who was I to judge such a man as that? He was as far above me as the stars, and I had refused him my sympathy. He had begged for it, and I had refused it! I had left him to carry his burden alone! It seemed to me then that never whilst I lived could I escape from the bitterness of this sudden whirlwind of regret.

Swiftly though I had walked from the cathedral, he was already in his study when I entered the house. I opened the door timidly. He was sitting in his chair leaning back with half-closed eyes like a man overcome with sudden pain. I fell on my knees by his side and took his fingers in mine.

"Father!" I cried, "I have done my best to keep her away! I have done all that I could!"

His hand pressed mine gently. Then there was a loud ringing at the bell. I sprang up white with fear.

"I will not let her come here!" I cried. "We will say that you are ill! She must go away!"

He shook his head.

"It is useless," he said, quietly; "it must come sooner or later—better now perhaps. Let us wait, I have left word that she is to be shown in here."

There was a brief silence. Then we heard steps in the hall, the rustling of a woman's gown, and the door was opened and closed. She came forward to the edge of the little circle of light thrown around us by my father's reading lamp. There she stood with a great red spot burning in her cheeks, and a fierce light in her eyes.

"At last, then, the mystery is solved," she cried, triumphantly. "I was a fool or I should have guessed it long ago! Have you forgotten me, Philip Maltabar?"

My father rose to his feet. He was serene but grave.

"No, I have not forgot

PROVE WHAT SWAMP-ROOT WILL DO FOR YOU.

You naturally feel secure when you know that the medicine you are about to take is absolutely pure and contains no harmful or habit producing drugs.

Such a medicine is Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great Kidney, Liver and Bladder Remedy.

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It is not recommended for everything.

It is nature's great helper in relieving and correcting kidney, liver and bladder troubles.

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SAMPLE BOTTLE FREE BY MAIL.

Send to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle, free by mail—it will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling all about the kidneys. When writing be sure and mention The Toledo Weekly Blade. You can purchase the regular fifty-cent and one dollar size bottles at all drug stores.

Yet he persisted in that course. He came to my home! I had warned him not to come. Even then I forbore. His errand was fruitless. He had only become a horror in the eyes of the woman whom he had deceived. She would not see him, she wished never to look upon his face again. He persisted in seeking to force his way into her presence. On that day I met him. I argued and reasoned with him, but in vain. Then the first blow was struck, and only the merest chance intervened, or the situation would have been reversed. Your brother was a coward then, Olive Berdenstein, as he had been all his life. He struck at me treacherously with a knife. Look here!"

He threw open his waistcoat, and she started back with horror. There was a terrible wound underneath the bandage which he removed.

"It was a blow fer a blow," he said, gravely. "From my wound I shall in all likelihood die. Your brother's knife touched my lung, and I am always in danger of internal bleeding. The blow I struck him, I struck with his knife at my heart. That is not murder."

"We shall see," she muttered between her lips.

"As soon as you will," he answered. "There is one thing more which you may as well know. My unhappy meeting with your brother on that Sunday afternoon was not our first meeting since his return to England. On the very night of his arrival I met him in London by appointment. I warned him that if he persisted in a certain course I should forget my cloth, and remember only that I was a man and that he was an enemy. He listened in silence, and when I turned to leave he made a cowardly attempt upon my life. He deliberately attempted to murder me. Nothing but an accident saved my life. But I am not telling you these things to gain your pity. Only you have found me out, and you are his sister. It is right that you should know the truth. I have told you the whole story. Will you go now?"

She looked at him, and for a moment she hesitated. Then her eyes met mine, and her face hardened.

"Yes, I will go," she declared. "I do not care whether you have told me the truth or not. I am going to let the world know who Cannon Ffolliot is."

"You will do as seems best to you," my father said, quietly.

He had risen to his feet, and stood with his hand at his side, breathing heavily, in an attitude now familiar to me, although I had never fully understood its cause. His pale lips were twitching with pain, and there were dark rims under his eyes. She looked at him and laughed brutally.

"Your daughter is an excellent actress," she said, looking back over her shoulder as she moved toward the door. "I have no doubt but that the art is inherited. We shall see!"

Obeying my father's gesture, I rang the bell. We heard the front door open and close after her. Then I threw my arms around his neck in a passionate abandonment of grief.

"It is all my fault," I sobbed—"my fault! But for me she would have forgiven."

My father smiled a faint, absent smile. He was smoothing my hair gently with one hand and gazing steadfastly into the fire. His face was serene, almost happy. Yet the blow had fallen.

CHAPTER XXX:

The Master of Colville Hall.

I believe that I took off my clothes and made some pretence of going to bed, but in my memory those long hours between the time when I left my father in the study and the dawn seems like one interminable nightmare. Yet towards morning I must have slept, for my room was full of sunlight when a soft knocking at the door awakened me. Our trim little housemaid entered with a note; the address was in my father's handwriting. I sat up in bed and tore open the envelope eagerly. Something seemed to tell me even before I glanced at its contents that the thing I dreaded was coming to pass. This is what I read:

"Forgive me, child, if I have left you with only a written farewell. The little strength I have left I have need of, and I shrank from seeing you again lest the sorrow of it should sap my purpose; should make me weak when I need to be strong. The girl will tell her story, and at the best my career of usefulness here is over; so I leave Eastminster this morning forever. I have written to Alice and to the Bishop. To him I have sent a brief memoir of my life. I do not think that he will be a stern judge, especially as the culprit stands already with one foot in the grave.

"And now, child, I have a final confession to make to you. For many years there has been a side to my life of which you and Alice have been ignorant. Even now I am not going to tell you about it. The time is too short for me to enter thoroughly into my motives and into the gradual development of what was at first only a very small thing. But of this I am anxious to assure you, it is not a disgraceful side! It is not anything of which I am ashamed, although there have been potent reason for keeping all record of it within my own breast. Had I known to what it was destined to grow I should have acted differently from the commencement, but of that it is purposeless now to speak. The little remnant of life which is still mine I have dedicated to it. Even if my career here were not so clearly over, my conscience tells me I am doing right in abandoning it. It is possible that we may never meet again. Farewell! If what you hinted at last night comes really to pass it is good. Bruce Deville has been no friend of mine, but he is as worthy of you as any man could be. And, above all, remember this, my fervent prayer: Forgive me the wrong which I have done you and the trouble which I have brought into your life. Think of me if you can only as your most affectionate father, HORACE FFOLLIOT."

When I had finished my father's letter I dressed in haste. There was no doubt in my mind as to where he had gone. I would follow him at once. I would by his side wherever he was and in whatever condition when the end came. I rang for a time-table and looked out the morning trains for London. Then Alice knocked at my door and came to me with white, scared face, and an open letter in her hand. She found me all ready to start.

"Do you understand it? What does it mean, Kate?" she asked, fearfully.

"I do not know," I answered. "He has gone to London, and he is not fit to leave his bed. I am going to follow him."

"But you do not know whereabouts to look. You will never find him."

"I must trust to fate," I answered, desperately. "Somehow or other I shall find him. Good-bye. I have only a few minutes to catch the train."

She came to the door with me.

"And you?" I asked, upon the step.

"I shall remain here," she answered, firmly. "I shall not leave until it is perfectly certain that this is not all some hideous mistake. I can't realize it. Kate."

"Yes," I cried, lingering impatiently upon the step.

"Do you think that he is mad?"

I shook my head. "I am certain that he is not," I answered. "I will write to you; perhaps tonight. I may have news."

I walked across the close, where as yet not a soul was stirring. The ground beneath my feet was hard with a white frost, and the air was keen and bright. The sunlight was flashing upon the cathedral windows, the hoar-covered ivy front of the deanery gleamed like silver, and a little group of tame pigeons lit at my feet and scarcely troubled to get out of the way of my hasty footsteps. A magnificent serenity reigned over the little place. It seemed as though the touch of tragedy could scarcely penetrate here. Yet as I turned into the main street of the still sleeping town my heart gave a great leap and then died away within me. A few yards ahead was the familiar fur-coated figure, also wending her way towards the station.

She turned round at the ringing sound of my footsteps, and her lips parted in a dark, malicious smile. She waited for me, and then walked on by my side.

(To Be Continued.)

CUSTOMS OF SNAKE INDIANS

Are Contesting Only for the Rights They Believe to Be Theirs.

The Snake Indians, who have been causing so much trouble in Oklahoma during the last week or two, are a band of the Muskogee branch of the Creeks. There are many fullbloods among them who are totally ignorant of progress in any form.

Their present war chief, Crazy Snake, or Chitto Harjo, has held his leadership since the '90's, and gained it by his unrelenting spirit at all times against his followers accepting land allotments from the federal government, while the other Indian territory tribes were being allotted by the Dawes commission.

Crazy Snake's real name is Tom Wilson, a typical representative of the aboriginal Indian, by blood and by instinct. He is past 70 years old, but retains all the faculties as a leader of his people. His followers have implicit confidence in him and never act except upon his order.

The first uprising of the Snakes under this leader was during the winter of 1900-1, protesting against compulsory allotment of their lands. One person was killed by the band at that time. Several others were killed, but it was by renegades and without Crazy Snake's order or knowledge.

Want to Keep Up the Tribe.

Realizing that the allotment of lands meant the speedy and final dissolution of tribal affairs, loss of autonomy, traditions, customs and habits of life, Crazy Snake urged his tribesmen to resist the federal government's interference, and on several occasions they have been ready to fight in defense of their old-time custom of holding their lands in common and maintaining a livelihood by hunting and fishing. During the summer of 1908 another uprising occurred, but ithout serious results.

In order to break the spirit of his followers Crazy Snake was arrested and placed in the old federal jail in Muskogee, prior to statehood, but nothing was accomplissed by the federal government, and he was later released. Through his suggestion a Snake lobbyist is maintained in Washington all the time, and on several occasions Crazy Snake himself has visited the national caiptal to protest against taking away tribal government.

On several occasions, too, he has advocated the trading of their Indian territory lands for a large tract in Mexico, where their old manner of living may be resumed unmolested by whites.

Also Big Medicine Man.

Crazy Snake is also the medicine man or high priest of the band, likewise called the "life giver." No member of the tribe dare spill blood except as a sacrifice. Crazy Snake is credited even by whites with surpassing skill in the treatment of many diseases. His medical library is a curiosity, consisting of the old Toltec picture writing and of white shells strung on the tendons of animals.

On these shells, in gorgeous colors, are inscribed various cabalistic figures, also representatives of persons and plants. The Snakes say this "medical library" was brought from old Mexico more than 400 years ago. The Snakes still worship as in aborigial days, one of their main observances being the green corn dance in July, a thanksgiving for good crops.

It is insisted by Crazy Snake and his band that a treaty was made in 1830 with the federal government by which they were guaranteed rights incompatible with the course pursued in allotting them and dissolving their tribal affairs. They have spent and are still spending much money in employing attorneys to represnt them at Washington and in the courts.

Appeals to U. S. Senators.

When the United States senate committee visited Indian Territory in 1906, investigating Indian affairs in general, Crazy Snake appeared before the senators and made an eloquent protest against land allotment. He recited the treaty of 1830, and those even of later days that the Indian should hold his land "as long as grass grows and water runs."

The present uprising of the Snake band originated, like the others, from a too close encroachment of the whites. The removal of restrictions on Indian lands made it possible for many tracts to be placed on the market and be purchased by white farmers, who are becoming the neighbors of the Indians in many sections of the old Indian Territory.

This encroachment the Snake could not endure and to fight was their first impulse. In the opening battle between the Snakes and officers of McIntosh county several officers were killed, and the situation looked so serious that Governor Haskell was asked to send troops to the Hickory stamping grounds.

The governor immediately empowered Frank Canton, adjutant general of the Oklahoma national guard, to use all the militia he deemed necessary in suppressing the trouble. Colonel Roy V. Hoffman, commanding the First regiment, was ordered to take command at Hickory and troops were sent to him.

Attorney General in Camp.

Charles J. West, attorney general of Oklahoma, happens also to be lieutenant colonel of the First regiment, and he was also instructed by General Canton to report for duty under Colonel Hoffman. As attorney general, while in camp, he has also been studying the situation with a view of reaching some legal settlement with the Snakes. It is understood he may recommend that permision be given the Indians to move to Mexico.

The fact is not generally known that in going to Mexico the Snakes would be but returning to their former home. The Creeks were residents of that country, having a republic of their own in Northeastern Mexico, and were allies of the Mexican emperor during the wars between Cortez and Montezuma. At that time even the Creek tribe was divided in eight clans, numbering many thousands, the clans being the Snakes, Foxes, Deer, Birds, Raccoons Bears, Wind and Tigers.

Not submitting to Spanish rule the Creeks left and again established a republic of their own, settling in the Red river country. They were lords over the southern portion of the United States for three centuries, finally being subjugated by United States troops and placed in the old Indian Territory.

Defies State and County.

In issuing a defiance recently Crazy Snake said, addressing his people:

"Don't give up your arms. Die if you must, but drive the white man from our lands. Crazy Snake and his people do not know state or county laws. They will take no advice from state or county officials who have no authority over them. Neither will they obey orders of state or county officials, or permit such officials to interfere with them."

The Hickory stamping gound is the old council ground where former treaties were discussed and made, and where all tribal deliberations were held. In the shade of the trees all preliminary matters are discussed before being broached in the main councils of the entire band. A tall flagpole, surmounted by a white flag, stands in front of the council grounds.

The Snake Indians cling to their old form of government and customs with greater tenacity than the remainder of the Creek tribe. They have a greater love for their country than other Indians, and thus their fierce resistance against wiping out the last semblance of their "national" life.

The Snakes are Socialists, and exemplify some of the fundamental ideas. Near the Hickory grounds is a farm that is tilled by the Snakes in common, and every cent of income derived therefrom goes to perpetuating the ideas of the Snakes and assisting in their fight for independence. In fact, there are a number of these farms, one in each Snake settlement. The labor is all donated and the proceeds are net. The weakness of the Snakes is apparent in their failing financial strength.

Formerly among the Snakes were a number who were wealthy—for Indians—and these gave liberally of their funds to support delegations to Washington and for any other purpose for which money was needed. The wealth is fast disappearing now. There is one instance where a Snake living near Sapulpa gave $300 for the Snake cause, and then went flat broke.

In the Creek nation there are 48 distinct towns or clans. Some Snakes can be found in each of these. There are two factions among them, in fact, as among white politicians. There are two factions of the Creek Snakes, another composed of Seminole Snakes, two of Choctaws, and several minor bands among the Cherokees, commonly referred as Nighthawks. All have a common purpose, and frequently all of these factions hold monster council meetings on the Hickory stamping grounds.

A large dose of good sense was ladled out by Police Commissioner O'Meara, of Boston, in deciding the case of a patrolman found off post and sentenced to dismissal. Mr. O'Meara wrote: "Any man who, for the sake of 'loafing' on duty, would risk a position that is better than he is likely ever to get again has not common sense enough to be a policeman. Any man who would thus disrobe orders and regulations and bring discredit upon his comrades and superiors has neither loyalty enough nor enough of the spirit of discipline to be a policeman. Any man who would desert his post and at midnight leave to the chances of crime, fire and accident the sleeping people who trust to his protection has not humanity enough to be a policeman."

CLEVER DOCTOR

Cured a 20 Years' Trouble Without Any Medicine.

A wise Indiana physician cured a 20 years' stomach disease without any medicine as his patient tells:

"I had stomach trouble for 20 years, tried family medicines, patent medicines and all the simple remedies suggested by my friends, but grew worse all the time.

"Finally a doctor, who is the most prominent physician in this part of the state, told me medicine would do me no good, only irritate my stomach and make it worse—that I must look to diet and quit drinking coffee.

"I cried out in alarm, 'Quit drinking cofee!' why, 'What will I drink?'

"'Try Postum,' said the doctor, 'I drink it and you will like it when it is made according to directions, with cream, for it is delicious and has none of the bad effects coffee has.'

"Well that was two years ago and I am still drinking Postum. My stomach is right again and I know Doctor hit the nail on the head when he decided coffee was the cause of all my trouble. I only wish I had quit it years ago and drank Postum in its place."

Never too late to mend. Ten days' trial of Postum in place of coffee works wonders. "There's a Reason."

Look in pkgs. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

The FARMSTEAD

QUESTIONS FOR ANSWER

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answers possible.

I would be very grateful if some reader of The Farmstead columns would give me information about raising sugar cane for fodder. Is it at any time during its growth injurious to horses or cows?—R., Poland, Ind.

DEHORNING CALVES

F., Pling, W. Va.: I think the best time to dehorn calves is when they are from on to five days old, by the use of caustic potash. As soon as a horn can be felt scrape it with a knife until a few drops of blood appear, then rub the caustic potash all over the horn and around the base. It may be necessary to put a few drops of water on the horn while this is being done, as the caustic does not burn the horn unless wet. Do not let the water run down into the calf's eyes. Wrap a paper or cloth around the caustic where you take hold of it or you will burn your fingers; keep tightly corked in a bottle when not in use, so that it will not evaporate. For ten cents enough caustic can be secured at a drug store to dehorn a large number of calves. This is a much more humane way than that of sawing off the horns when the animal is months or years old. After you have tried it a few times you will never dehorn calves in any other way than by the use of caustic. Keep the stuff away from children.—D., Westgate, Ia.

DEATH TO BUGS

Editor Farmstead: Here is one way to get after the bugs that bother the vines: Put five gallons of coal tar in a barrel; add twenty gallons of water, or as much as is needed. Let stand a week and then sprinkle the vines with it. Do not let the tar get on the vines. —G., Sherman, W. Va.

SPRAYING THE GARDEN

The following notes on spraying will be found of advantage to both amateur and professional, says the Indianapolis News. It is generally conceded to be a fact that good vegetables and fruits cannot be successfully grown without thorough spraying, each of this reduces quantity and quality.

Asparagus—Cut everything clean during the cutting season to prevent the asparagus beetle getting started. Then spray with arsenate of lead, one pound to thirty gallons of water. Rust of asparagus is rather difficult to treat. When it first appears cutting out and burning affected plants may do good. Spraying with Bordeaux mixture will help. But the disease is most prevalent on beds that are not sufficiently manured, and on soil that lacks humus. Hence heavy manuring with stable manure is as important as spraying.

Beans—Anthracnose is more troublesome on the wax beans than on the green. It is often carried by infected seed. Hence good plump seed is important. Spray with Bordeaux mixture where the disease has appeared before, and start before it appears. Then if there is any on the pods or leaves, burn the vines after the crop is gathered. Beans are also affected with mildew and leaf blight, but spraying in time will prevent these. Then for ripe beans plant varieties that are not commonly affected by rust or blight.

Blackberries are affected by borers, and diseases such as crown gall of the roots and orange rust. The only thing for these is to dig out and burn the affected plants. The leaf spot can be controlled by the spraying with Bordeaux mixture, and if this is regularly used it will probably prevent the appearance of the orange rust, but is of no use after the rust shows.

Cabbages—Spray with arsenate of lead on the young plants to kill the green larvae of the cabbage butterfly. After the plants head it is safer to depend on pyrethrum powder dusted over the plant, or mixed in soapsuds. For the gray cabbage louse or aphis spray with a decoction of tobacco or use the tobacco tea instead of clear water to make kerosene emulsion. This is a far more effective emulsion than the simple use of water. For maggots or for cut worms dip the plants before setting in arsenate of lead and set deeply to protect the stems, and they will eat the leaves and be killed.

Celery—For blight and rust spray with Bordeaux as soon as the plants get started after transplanting, and repeat the spraying every two weeks. Dusting the plants with sulphur sometimes is effective.

Cucumbers—Fine bone dust scented with carbolic acid dusted over as the plants appear has been found good. Spraying with arsenate of lead is also good. For aphis or louse get tobacco dust from the smoking tobacco factories and dust thoroughly on the leaves and under them. For anthracnose and mildew, spray every ten days with Bordeaux mixture.

Currants are attacked by the currant worm and San Jose scale and other scale insects. White hellebore on the leaves is best for the currant worm. Handle it carefully, as it is apt to cause violent sneezing. For the scale, spray with the lime-sulphur mixture, made by boiling one pound of lime and one pound of sulphur for half an hour, and dilute with thirty parts of water.

Gooseberries—Spray with Bordeaux mixture as soon as the bloom is off, or spray with potassium sulphide before the blossoms appear and Bordeaux afterward every ten days.

Grapes—Spray regularly with Bordeaux till fruit is half-grown, and in the earlier sprayings add arsenate of lead to destroy the leaf-eating insects. For the rot some of the stations advise spraying till July with Bordeaux and then changing to ammoniacal solution of copper carbonate till August. But the dates will, of course, differ in different climates for where the grapes ripen in July the applications must be made accordingly, the spraying after July being for places where the crop ripens in September.

Lettuce—To prevent the aphis or green fly use tobacco dust and stems freely in the manuring of the ground. Under glass fumigate with tobacco stems slowly burned. The root rot or wilt is from soil infection, and the only resource is to change the soil, or in frames soak it with a solution of 2 per cent formalin before setting the plants.

Onions—For the maggot abandon the land for onions and devote it to other crops for several years. The same is true of smut, as the land becomes infested. If the seed are sprinkled well with formalin, one pound to thirty gallons of water, it will be an effective preventive of smut. To prevent rotting after harvesting, store with the dried tops on and pile thinly and then scatter air-slaked lime among the bulbs.

Peas—The green pea louse is still troublesome in many places. Use tobacco stems in the furrow in planting and dust the vines with tobacco dust before any lice appear. Some entomologists advise brushing the lice off, but if you let them get there that thick they have got you and nothing you can do will avail.

Potatoes—Start spraying with Bordeaux as soon as the plants are a few inches high. Add five ounces of Paris green or a pound of arsenate of lead to a barrel of the mixture, as soon as the mature Colorado beetles are seen crawling around. Keep up the spraying till the end of the growing season. To prevent scab soak the seed in a solution of one pound of formalin to thirty gallons of water for an hour and a half.

Tomatoes—Spray with Bordeaux mixture to prevent leaf blight, and add arsenate of lead to destroy the tobacco worm.

DRAFT HORSES

We think the weakest point in our draft horses today is defective fore feet, says a writer in the St. Louis Weekly Star. As nearly as we can estimate from investigations made in the second-hand sale stables in Chicago, where fully 80 per cent of the draft horses that are used upon the city's streets are thrown aside, at least 75 per cent of the draft horses are rendered useless after a few years service because of lameness, the seat of which is in the fore feet.

You go onto the market in Chicago with a bunch of good draft horses for sale, the first part of the horse the buyer looks at is the fore feet, and if they are not sound and right, the price is immediately cut down.

The fore feet are the most important part of the horse from the user's standpoint in the United States today, and very little attention is paid to that as a rule.

The second weakest point is in the hock joint, and about 12 per cent of the draft horses in our large cities are discarded because of weak, defective and unsound hock joints. These two, the fore feet and the hock joints, are points which we should consider carefully.

Now, what are the weaknesses in the feet? We are using in this country more Percheron than we are of all other draft breeds together; they are the breed that seems to be the best suited to our American people, and the Percheron horse's fore feet is perhaps his weakest point. Many of them are too small; not small perhaps at the surface of the ground, but small where the hoof and the hair join at the hoof-head or coronet. This is the particular part of your Percheron horse's foot which you should examine carefully in looking for weakness in a breeding horse. Get a good large hoof-head, with plenty of depth and width. In hoof at the heel, then see that the pastern or ankle blends nicely into the hoof. The ankle from the fetlock joint down to the foot in the Percheron is frequently very short and very straight, and if long, sets too far back. Pasterns should have an angle of about 45 degrees, but should be clean and smooth and show lots of quality of fiber and give a full, nice, round blending of the bone and sinew into the hoof. Now, then, the foot itself. Get a foot that is wide in the heel and deep from coronet to ground surface. Get a horse with a hoof that is dense, that is, closeness of the fibers altogether. You do not want a hoof in which the fibers are not laid closely together, giving a smooth, hard, bone-like horn. A hoof that is not smooth on its surface, dense and close fibered, or will not hold the shoe and will wear off very quickly if not shod.

When you look at the bottom of the foot, get one that is concave, hollowed up in the center and with a good, large, full, well-developed frog. The frog is one of the most important parts of the horse's foot, the cushion which is placed there by nature to break the concussion as the horse puts his foot to the ground. Very frequently, as our horses are shod in this country, the weight comes all outside on the rim of the foot, which is not intended to bear all the weight, but we have so shod the horse in many instances that the frog is all drawn up and shriveled and the sole is flattened out.

IN THE FRUIT GARDEN

Prune the blackberries and stake the plants. If the raspberries were not pruned last fall, do it at once, cutting out the old canes that fruited last year. Make new plantings of blackberries and raspberries as early in the season as possible. They are better planted in the spring than in the fall.

Cultivate the strawberries, then remove the mulch, placing it between the rows. As soon as the vines have begun to grow, spread a mulch of salt hay or straw, to keep the berries clean.

Plow the orchard, but do not plow so deeply near the trees as to cut the roots, and be careful not to injure the bark. Harrow the land smoothly and give additional cultivation. Cultivate thoroughly once every ten days or two weeks and after each rain. It is very important to conserve every drop of soil moisture at this season, for the use of the trees during the summer droughts.

Before the leaves come, spray for the San Jose scale, if the trees have not already been treated; use lime-sulphur wash or a soluble oil.

Place boards on the southward side of the tree trunks, to prevent sun-scald. Young trees need this protection more than old trees.

Give the peach trees a spraying with lime-sulphur wash, to prevent peachleaf curl.

CULTURE OF LETTUCE

Fresh, tender lettuce is one of the greatest and most wholesome delicacies and may be had throughout the season by making frequent sowings. Beginning as early in the spring as the soil can be worked, small sowings should be made every two weeks until July. A rather heavy, rich, moist soil is essential for best results. Sow the seed thinly in drills 15 inches apart and cover about one-half inch deep. When the plants are well started thin out so as to stand 10 inches apart in the rows.

Some people make a great mistake by sowing the seed thick and then using the leaves just as they grow. If you have grown lettuce only in that way you have never realized how delicious lettuce really is. Give each plant enough room and it will develop a solid head, the hearts of which are branched to a rich creamy color and of sweet, mild flavor. Give frequent hoeings to encourage a rapid growth, as lettuce must make a quick growth in order to be tender.

The varieties named below have all proved to be splendid headers. Wayahead, May King, Naumberger, Deacon, Black Seeded Tennis Ball, and California Cream Butter. If you prefer a loose bunch of crisp tender leaves to a solid head, use Grand Rapids. Always gather your lettuce early in the morning while the dew is still on; it will then be much more crisp than if allowed to stand until wilted by the hot noonday sun.

PROTEIN AND LIFE

Protein furnishes the basis of the living tissues of the animal; it is the predominant constituent, aside from water which itself is frequently 75 per cent of the weight of the young animal. It is therefore important for the feeder to remember the proportions of ingredients in his feeding stuffs.

The average specimen of green or silage red clover contains approximately 71 per cent water, protein 4½ per cent and carbohydrates 21 per cent.

In green corn fodder the principal constituents are water 79 per cent, protein 1.8 per cent and carbohydrates 17 per cent.

In green alfalfa, water 72 per cent, protein 5 per cent, carbohydrates 20 per cent.

In green timothy water 61 per cent, protein 5 per cent, carbohydrates 32 per cent.

In clover hay, water 15 per cent, protein 12 per cent, carbohydrates 32 per cent.

In corn forage, water 42 per cent, protein 4.5 per cent, carbohydrates 49 per cent.

In cowpea hay, water 11 per cent, protein 16.5 per cent, carbohydrates 62 per cent.

In timothy hay, water 13 per cent, protein 6 per cent, carbohydrates 74 per cent.

In the straws, water 7 to 9 per cent, protein 3 per cent to 4 per cent, carbohydrates 79 to 85 per cent.

Products unusually high in protein are pea meal 20 per cent, brewers' grains, dried, 24 per cent; buckwheat middlings, 28 per cent; cottonseed meal 42 per cent; distillers' grains, dried (corn), 29 per cent, (rye) 17 per cent; gluten feed, dry, 23 per cent, gluten meal 26 per cent; linseed meal 34 per cent; wheat middlings 28 per cent.

Related to Noted Briton.

Washington Herald.

Attorney General Wickersham's sister is married to the steel king of Great Britain, Sir R. A. Hadfield, who is the inventor of manganese steel, and manager and director of the Hadfield Steel Foundry, Limited, besides being interested in all the important enterprises in Sheffield, and in engineering and mining the world over. Sir Robert Hadfield was awarded the Bessemer gold medal for 1894, and the Quinquennial prize and premium of 25 guineas in 1903. In numerous other occasions he have been bestowed upon him, and last summer he was knighted by King Edward. Lady Hadfield came to this country for the inauguration and will pass several weeks with her friends and relatives here in New York before returning to her home in England.

The Hungry Man.

A certain town council after a protracted sitting was desirous of adjourning for luncheon. The proposition was opposed by the mayor, who thought that if his fellow-councilors felt the stimulus of hunger the dispatch of business would be much facilitated. At last an illiterate member got up and exclaimed:

"I ham astonished, I ham surprised, I ham amazed, Mr. Mayor, that you will not let us go to lunch!"

"I'm surprised," exclaimed one of his colleagues, "that a gentleman who has got so much 'ham' in his mouth wants any lunch at all!"

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The Human Note.

Through the harmonies of heaven stole a note of throbbing pain.
Touched with longing, tinged with sadness, seeming human in its birth;
Seeming less the stainless music that is meet for such domain.
Than the cry of some dazed mortal, yearning backward toward the earth.

But it did not sound forever, this stray note so passionate;
Soon the singer, now all-angel, sang with others round the throne;
"Glory, glory!" Past, forgotten, life and love beyond the gate,
That before had set his singing to a tragic undertone.

Yet there vanished then a richness more than psaltery or lute
Could outpour, though seraphs plucked them, worshipping the Lord anear;
For within the vigrant grieving, now forever hushed and mute.
Lay the pathos of endeavor, hope and heartbreak, love and fear;
Yea, the wistful human groping, and the doubt that makes it dear.
—Richard Burton, in the Outlook.

Man and His Ways.

One of the points which seem to cause most surprise to the audience at An Englishman's Home is the shooting of old Mr. Brown for the crime of defending his own house against the invaders, and the ruthless remark of the Prince that he has no right to fight, as he does not wear a uniform. There has long been an idea current that there is no need whatever to train men in what is absurdly called "militarism" in Radical quarters, because all a man would have to do in the unlikely event of an invasion would be to seize a rifle and pick off the invaders from behind a wall. Our own authorities are in a large measure to blame for this supposition. During the Boer war, as we frequently pointed out at the time, we allowed the Boers to violate all the rules of warfare, and the enemy had only to throw down their rifles when they were caught and declare themselves mere harmless farmers for our men to ignore the obvious fact that in reality these Boer farmers were non-combatants engaged in wholesale murder. Our leniency was defended on the ground of policy, but no Continental nation, as the Germans showed in the fighting around Sedan and Paris, would hesitate for a moment. The Mr. Browns who defended their homes without the right to do so would be shot in their own gardens, and if the play at Wyndham's theatre drives this into the heads of the people, it will have done magnificent work.

A tailor, making a dress coat, sat cross-legged on a table like a Turk.

"Why do tailors always work in that uncomfortable position?" asked a visitor.

"Women's tailors don't. Only men's do," was the reply. "And for men's tailors it is the most comfortable and the most convenient position possible. You see, the sewing on men's clothes is very, very fine; the work must be held up close to the eyes. Well, in this position, I lean the work on my elevated knees, and thus it is nearer my eyes, while at the same time my back remains straight.

"Analyzed, the position is a fine one. It keeps the back straight and the chest out, the knees make a table close to the face, and eye-strain is avoided.

"Tailors for women sit on chairs. For one thing, the sewing on women's clothes is less fine than on men's. For another, the woman's tailor has to get up every few minutes to go to the kitchen, and all that rising, if he sat cross-legged on the floor, would tire him too much in the day's run."—Philadelphia Record.

The matinee hat was bound to reach Russia, and it has managed to penetrate into the provinces. The other evening a lady, an officer's wife, sat in the front stalls of the parterre of the Novgorod theatre. The lady was wearing a hat which measured 56 inches across. Fifteen people craned their necks in a vain attempt to catch even a glimpse of the stage; in vain they besought the lady to remove the offending hat. At last a policeman was called in. He told her that she had made herself "a public nuisance," and he summoned her to appear next morning at the local police court. She was fined a small sum and warned against wearing such a monstrous hat, at least in the theatre.—London Globe.

A Powder for the Hands.

A powder that may be dusted over the hands before gloves are put on is made from two drams each of boric acid and oxide of zinc, four drams of lycopodium powder, an ounce of starch, and half an ounce of powdered orris. They must be mingled by sifting.

Spirits of camphor is a liquid that may act beneficially upon moist palms, and may be used as frequently as is desired. It should be kept from the back of the hands, as it is too drying for the outer service.

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This sample bottle contains the same wonderful vegetable remedy—the same remarkable ingredients—as the **Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin** which sells over the counters of every drug store in the United States at 50 cents and $1.00 a bottle—the same curative, satisfaction-giving, laxative tonic that families have been using for twenty years or more. I am in a position to give away thousands of these sample bottles and I want you all to send in your request.

My object in offering a free sample bottle is that I know I have a remedy of extraordinary merit, and there is no better or squarer way for me to convince the people of that fact than to let them use a sample bottle free of charge. In this way thousands have been brought to use it as a family remedy, as they got results. The sales in drug stores are doubling every year, so the free sample idea must be right, as the sample has the same contents as the regular bottles.

I firmly believe that **Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin** is the best remedy on the American market for any form of stomach, liver or bowel disorder—better than any other liquid remedy because **Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin** contains not only the best laxative properties, but famous tonic and upbuilding ingredients as well; better than any tablet remedy because tablets gripe and not all stomachs can dissolve them; better than any salt, pill or purgative because these are violent in action and do but temporary good.

DR. CALDWELL'S SYRUP PEPSIN TRAINS THE STOMACH MUSCLES TO DO THEIR WORK NATURALLY, and in that way brings about a permanent cure. It builds up and strengthens weakened digestive systems. With all its wonderful effectiveness, it is yet so gentle in action that it can be given to infants—in fact, thousands of mothers buy it for their babies and children. And because of its gentle action, so free from griping, it is the best laxative for women and old people.

Write me today for a free sample bottle. Fill out the coupon and send it to me. **You will be making no mistake.**

WHAT THE FREE SAMPLE IS DOING

I receive many letters every day from people who were cured of some stomach, liver or bowel trouble by even the free sample of **Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin.** This cure with a free sample bottle means that they did not feel the need of going to their druggist for the regular 50 cent or $1 bottle. But they show their appreciation by telling others of my remedy, and these others, whose confidence is then established what it has done. Fill out the coupon and send it to me today.

I received the free sample bottle of Syrup Pepsin and used it as directed and found it great satisfaction to my complaint. I have also used a 50 cent bottle and expect to keep it in my house. I would not do without it. Doctor, you would have heard from me before now, but I thought I would try your Syrup Pepsin before answering so I could write you just how it acted. I have found Syrup Pepsin just as you recommend it to be.
Mrs. Maggie Waters, 182 East Ave., Vicksburg, Miss.

I wish to thank you for your valuable sample bottle of Syrup Pepsin and I have purchased a $1.00 bottle and it is very satisfactory to me, as I have been troubled with constipation and stomach troubles for several years. I have spent a great deal of money doctoring with different doctors and have had no satisfaction until I heard of your remedy.
Mrs. Thos. Flanagan, 110 N. Macon Street, Brookfield, Missouri.

I am glad to tell you that your Syrup Pepsin has acted like a charm. It did me lots of good. I tell you it is fine. I thank God and you so much for giving you the knowledge. So many thanks to you for your medicine.
Mrs. Briscilla Scott, 26 B St., Lawton, Okla.

The sample bottle of Syrup Pepsin did me so much good that I bought a bottle and am now like the

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Oldest Toad Is Dead.

New York Times.

Rameses II, aged 1,000 years and more, died yesterday at his home in the reptile house at the Bronx Zoo. He was the oldest living toad frog. The zoo physicians and surgeons could not make out exactly the disease which caused the final dissolution of Rameses II, but old age is supposed to have had something to do with it.

He was born probably some ten centuries ago, away out west. Two years ago miners working 500 feet below the earth's surface, near Butte, Mont., came upon a huge and apparently solid stone. This was knocked open, and there, in a pocket, lay Rameses II asleep. He was alive, as told indisputably by a slight breathing.

Up to the "Old Man."

Kansas City Star.

Mrs. J. F. Jarrell, who has been editing the Holton Signal while her husband was "doing" the legislature at Topeka, serves this notice upon the readers: "The old man, who has been gadding down at Topeka, will be home this week and take charge of the paper. This notice is printed that readers may know where to place the blame if the paper is not so good in the future as it has been in the past."

In the Glass Office

BY ELIZABETH AYRES

IN the glass enclosed office, built in one corner of the ground floor of the large warehouse of Turner, Turner & Co., Wholesale Grocers, Martin Evarts and his employer, John Turner, had worked together for more than thirty years. They were young men when they began, and the warehouse was a building of only two stories. With the growth of the business, it was enlarged, and floor after floor added, until there were four stories between the glass office and the sky.

There were only Martin and a boy on John Turner's payroll in the early days of the enterprise. Martin was general clerk. He sold and shipped goods and was an "all-round man" until increasing business made a correspondence clerk a necessity. Martin was asked to take the position, and he accepted. It was then the glass office was built, and in this enclosure, the two men worked side by side through the passing years.

A strong friendship grew out of their daily association. Martin was John's confident as well as correspondence clerk. He knew all the ins and outs of the business, and his steady brain devised ways and means that more than once saved John Turner from involving himself in difficulties. Martin might have had a position of authority if he would have taken it; as it was, he had a good salary, and he preferred to stay in the office, where no other assistant was installed.

The correspondence grew far beyond Martin, but he continued to write the most important letters and to sit in conference with his employer. There was nothing of the master and man in their relations. They enjoyed each other's company, and their many years of friendship had made them a necessity to each other.

At the time of the happenings of this story, John Turner's son was at the helm of affairs. He was the Junior Partner, and, while the elder Turner was officially the head of the firm, it was his son who was most active in conducting the business.

"You might as well take it easy, father," he said, "and let me hustle."

His father had no thought of retiring, though he gave over to the Junior Partner much of his responsibility.

"I'll hold on to enough to keep Martin and me busy. That'll leave plenty for you, I guess. I'm not ready to be buried yet," he said in answer to his son's urging to "take it easy."

With the advent of the Junior Partner it was natural there should be innovations. He had ideas of his own and put them in operation. The innovations did not touch the glass office for some time, and things went on there in a leisurely way, undisturbed by the rush until wearied by his persistency, his father weakened.

"How will you fix it up with Martin?" he inquired.

"I'll find something else for him to do," the Junior Partner promised.

"Child's play," grumbled his father. "You can't fool Martin, and I don't want him fooled. He'll write the letters as he's always done. After he puts them in shape they can be typed if you think it has to be done to keep up the firm's credit, but Martin is going to have the first writing, that's sure," John Turner insisted.

The Junior Partner did not believe in combining business with sentiment. He did not wish to dispose of Martin, but he thought the dignity of the glass office would be enhanced by the services of a stenographer and typewriter.

His father gave a reluctant consent, though he insisted that Martin should have the first writing of the letters. When Martin was informed of the plan he did not say very much.

"I suppose hand writing is a little old-fashioned," he remarked, mildly, looking wistfully at his employer as if in hopes of a contradiction.

"It's good enough for me," John Turner declared. "This arrangement isn't final. We'll try it and see how we like it, but it needn't stand. I've no fault to find with you, Martin. You suit me all right, but, of course, we don't want to fall too far behind the times."

"Of course not," Martin agreed, "probably the boy's plan is the better. He's been doing well with the business. We don't want to hold him back."

"No, we'll let him have his away about this, that is, we'll try it, but the arrangement is by no means final," John Turner repeated.

And so it came about that a brisk, young woman whose name was Kate, was sent in from the main business room, and was established in the glass office. Martin tried not to regard her as an intruder, but she had not been there long before he began to feel himself an unnecessary spoke in the wheel. It seemed absurd to have the letters twice written. Aside from the correspondence he had other employment, but he had taken pride in his letter writing, and it hurt him to think he could no longer give satisfaction.

John Turner did not feel the change so much. He gave his letters to Martin as usual, and forgot that after they passed into Martin's hands, they went on into another's. Kate brightened the office, he thought. She was never obtrusive, and apparently never heard or saw anything that was not intended for her. It was a shock to him when Martin resigned and would give no reason, except that he had more than enough money to live on and thought he might as well stop working.

"You've paid me a good salary, John, all these years, and I've invested my savings till I'm quite well fixed," he explained. "Yes, I'm quite well fixed," he repeated gently, as if wishing to reassure his friend.

"Well, what if you are? How do you think it'll be with no business to come to in the morning? How do you think I'm going to feel about it?" demanded John Turner. Is it the typewriter girl you object to? Out she goes if you say the word. You and I shouldn't part company. Didn't I tell you the arrangement wasn't final?" he blustered, pounding his desk with his fist.

Martin was touched by his employer's reluctance to part with him, but he could not be swerved from his decision. He knew Kate was a much faster worker, and he was convinced that his services were not needed.

"I'll be coming around often," he promised. "I couldn't desert the old place entirely, but I think I'll find out how it seems to be doing nothing."

John Turner was offended by what he called Martin's foolishness. "Just as you please," he told him coldly, at the end of their conversation. "I wouldn't have believed this of you, Martin," he added, reproachfully.

He turned away in a manner that showed he considered the interview was concluded. Martin waited a moment, and then held out his hand.

"Good day, John," he said.

"Good day, sir," John answered, without looking at Martin's hand.

Kate was not in the glass office when this happened, and several days passed before she knew that Martin would not return to his duties. She liked Martin and she liked John Turner. She thought the friendship between them was beautiful, and she enjoyed seeing them together. She missed Martin, and she felt that John was missing him too. It was not her part to ask questions, but she was determined to find out what was the matter.

The atmosphere of the office had changed, and John Turner was frequently in a bad humor. He was lonely without the companionship of Martin. A dozen times a day he thought of something he wanted to say to him, and he was oppressed with a sense of loss when he turned to Martin's desk and saw the empty chair before it. He missed his letter writing. Martin knew, almost without being told, what he wanted to say. It was only necessary to give him an outline, and Martin filled in the rest with well-turned sentences, inscribed in clear, precise handwriting. With Kate he was forced to be more explicit. She was very quick and smart, though of course, she did not understand the business so well as Martin. John began to dislike the rattle and click of the typing machine. It sounded impertinent in the glass office.

When Kate was twelve years old she joined the ranks of the wage-earners, and by the time she was twenty, she was not hampered by timidity. She was not afraid to speak her mind when there was occasion, and she thought the conditions following Martin's unexplained absence gave her cause to ask questions.

"Where's Mr. Evarts?" she asked John Turner one morning.

"Gone," he answered, shortly.

"For good?" said Kate.

"He'll not be back to stay," John Turner replied, evasively.

"Why did he go?" Kate persisted.

"I suppose because you came, though he didn't say so," John answered, looking at her with antagonistic eyes.

"Who put me in here?" Kate went on.

"My son," John Turner told her. "He thought the correspondence should be type-written."

"Oh!" exclaimed Kate, suddenly understanding.

She went out of the room soon after this, in search of the Junior Partner. She found him alone and descended upon him like a sudden storm.

"Mr. Evarts left on my account," she began, excitedly. "I'll not take his place. I can't. You ought to ask him to come back. Why those two men just love each other. They're miserable apart. You'd ought to see your father as I do, sometimes. You'd ought to be ashamed of yourself for giving Mr. Evarts cause to leave. I'm going to quit," she scolded.

The Junior Partner looked his displeased astonishment. Then recognizing Kate's disinterested earnestness, his displeasure vanished.

"Why, I thought Martin left because he wanted to stop working," he said.

"Oh, no!" Kate protested. "It wasn't that, I'm sure. It was because I am there and he thought he wasn't needed. He is. Your father wants him. You'd ought to get him back."

"Suppose you ask him to come," the Junior Partner suggested, good-naturedly, "then you can take your old desk again."

"May I ask him, may I really?" cried Kate.

The Junior Partner nodded his consent, and Kate, eager to start on her errand, hurried back to the glass office.

"Where are you going," John Turner inquired, noticing she was putting on her hat and coat.

"Your son told me I might ask Mr. Evarts to come back," she explained. "Do you think he will?" she questioned anxiously.

Mr. Turner hesitated a moment, and then, "tell him I need him," he said.

Kate returned in an incredibly short time, and with her came Martin. He entered the office as if there had been no break in his employment.

"Good morning, Mr. Turner," he greeted.

"Good morning, Martin," the other responded.

Martin went to hang up his hat and overcoat in the place where he had hung them each day for so many years. Kate closed her desk, and was going quietly away when John Turner's voice stopped her.

"Are you leaving us, Kate?" he asked, kindly.

"Yes," she answered, "I'm going back to work in the main office."

Sweethearts and Wives.

If sweethearts were sweethearts always.
Whether as maid or wife,
No drop would be half so pleasant
In the mingled draught of life.

But the sweetheart has smiles and blushes
When the wife has frowns and sighs,
And the wife's have a wratchful glitter
For the glow of the sweetheart's eyes.

If lovers were lovers always,
The same to sweetheart and wife,
Who would change for a future of Eden
The joys of this checkered life?

But husbands grow grave and silent,
And cares on the anxious brow
Oft replace the sunshine that perished
At the words of the marriage vow.

Happy is he whose sweetheart
Is wife and sweetheart still—
Whose voice, as of old, can charm him;
Whose kiss, as of old, can thrill.

Who has plucked the rose, to find ever
Its beauty and fragrance increase,
As the flush of passion is mellowed
In love's unmeasured peace.

Who sees in the step a lightness;
Who finds in the form graces
Who reads an unaltered brightness
In the witchery of the face.

Undimmed and unchanged. Ah! happy
Is he, crowned with such a life,
Who drinks the wife, pledging the sweetheart,
And toasts in the sweetheart, the wife.

—Daniel O'Connell, "Lyrics."

The Time-a-Phone.

Electric News.

One of the many novelties exhibited at the Chicago electrical show was the time-a-phone. Attached to one of the posts of a booth was a small device about the size of a watch case, but looking like a small telephone receiver. This receiver was connected to a small green cord of insulated wire. When this device was held to the ear and a button pushed the listener could hear the exact time of day. A set of musical chimes strike the hour, a set of double gongs give the quarters, and a high pitched bell tells off the minutes. To a man in the dark the time-a-phone tells the time to a minute. It is planned to use this invention in hotels, where each room will be provided with one of the instruments connected to a master clock in the basement. The time-a-phone is placed under the pillow and any guest wishing to know the hour has only to apply the receiver to the ear and press a button."

ANSWER

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SUNDAY SCHOOL

A MAN MADE OVER

International Sunday School Lesson for April 18 Is "The Conversion of Saul." Acts 9:1-30.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

A few weeks ago I met on a westbound train a young Philadelphia physician of an old family and embodying in himself the best traditions of culture, who was en route to China to serve as a medical missionary of the Universtiy of Pennsylvania. He answered the old criticism that only second-rate men are missionaries. The man most suitable for the service of the kingdom of heaven is the one possessing the most force, brains and education.

That is why the present notable lesson is a familiar bit of Christian history—it relates the extraordinary manner in which the assistant, the scholar and the cosmopolite, Saul of Tarsus, became a soldier of Jesus Christ, against whom he had been fighting. It is a great day for two worlds when a powerful personality goes all the way into the service of God. This event on the high road to Damascus is the most important item of Christian history after the resurrection of Christ. Next to Jesus himself, this transformed persecutor, Saul, has been the mightiest figure in Christian history.

Making Ready for a Big Work.

All the conditions that contribute to the making of a forceful manhood are aids to Christian character and service. That is why the gentleman-scholar-athlete, Dr. Grenfell, is so extraordinary a missionary. The peculiar training of Saul, designed to make him a singularly efficient man of the world or Jewish theologian, admirably fitted him for his unique position in the early church.

No experience is ever wasted. This brilliant young man had been brought up in Tarsus, one of the three seats of learning of his time, although his scholastic education was acquired in Jerusalem under the great Gamaliel. He was a city man, used to the best society, the son of a wealthy father and an inheritor of the latter's Roman citizenship. He had acquired a touch of the Greek culture, but yet he had not lost his Jewish abhorrence of idolatry, as he had seen it at Tarsus, a center of Baal worship. His native city was famous for its cloth, and Saul, like all well-trained Hebrew boys, whatever their wealth, learned the trade of tent-making, which later stood him in good stead. So notable were the abilities of this zealous young student—whose age was about the same as that of the Nazarene with whom his life was to be identified—that he was early made a member of the Sandhedrin, the highest official body in Jewry.

Linked Up to a Martyr.

Back of every life and work lie other lives and works. All talk of "self-made men" is aside from the mark, for no man makes himself; he is the product and expression of other lives than his own. Saul was linked up to Stephen, the first martyr. Probably his career as a persecutor, officially commissioned to harry the Christians wherever he could find them, dates back to that event. It was at this scene that he first appeared to the historian's eye; not throwing stones, of course, for he was a gentleman, and that was work for the rabble, but standing to one side lending countenance to the crime, and even guarding the cloaks of the sweaty mob. His responsibility as a leader and adviser was greater than that of any more hurler of deadly missiles. We are still very prone to blame mobs for crimes, forgetting the responsibility of the men who have created the conditions and impulses leading to the crimes. Nevertheless, the same qualities of initiative and daring and fearlessness which made Saul chief among the foes of Jesus, added value to his discipleship when he later devoted his trained mind and sensitive spirit to the service of Christ.

As Dr. Martha Tarbell says, in her capital summary of the character of Paul: "He was a leader of men. The originality of thought made him a philosopher, his spiritual insight made him a theologian. New conditions and difficulties presented themselves wherever he went, but he was equal to any emergency, and whether talking to a few women by the riverside at Philippi, or to many philosophers on the Areopagus at Athens, he could do all things through Him who strengthened him. And yet this intellectual giant—organizer and administrator, orator and theologian, prophet and seer—was intensely human, and it is perhaps his humanness that has endeared him most to countless multitudes of Christians. He had great visions and inspirations, but he lived on human levels. We see him not a saint, but a man, with human weaknesses, impulsive, unyielding at times, of quick and vehement temper, and we see this man in many ordinary situations pressed on every side, yet not straightened; perplexed, yet not unto despair; pursued, yet not forsaken; smitten down, yet not destroyed. He represents human nature at its best, the nature toward which all may strive, for he could well say to the Corinthians, Be ye imitators of me even as I also am of Christ."

A Young Man's Career.

Much of the evil that troubles the world is merely misdirected energy. This cannot be altered by prohibitions, any more than a child can be well trained by ceaseless "don'ts." The forceful life must find expression; we create moral vacuums by our negations. Young persons of the Saul type are bound to be and do something; the only question is the character of their career. Shrewdly, the Jewish leaders took up this promising young teacher. They gave him avenues for the outgo of his energies.

These very men, often set adrift as "black sheep," are the very ones that the Church and the State need most. The new body of Christian believers especially needed such. Jesus himself covets this strong, brave spirit. Though he had passed from earth, Christ still yearned for the discipleship of such a vigorous character as this well-equipped young persecutor, who fairly breathed forth threatenings and slaughter against the new sect. Heaven is more interested in earth than earth ever suspects. God cares for individuals with a personal, watchful concern that mortals cannot realize. Looking from His throne in heaven, Christ saw Saul hastening toward his cruel Damascus goal, and, as in the case of the godly young man of an earlier day, "beholding him, loved him."

The Lord Himself thought the conversion of this choice spirit of importance enough to warrant another earthly reappearance. He could not trust any messenger with this momentous message, so he went himself.

A Vision—A Transformation.

Behold, the wonder—a master logician and philosopher is converted, not by overwhelming argument, but by a vision. The psychologist is won through his emotions. The disciplined rationalist is conquered by a spiritual experience. Thus does God put to confusion the high and mighty. The profoundist intellect, as well as the simplest faith, is overwhelmed when it is given a clear vision of the inevitable Christ.

Amid a light brighter than the shimmering Oriental noontide, Saul saw Jesus. All his philosophy and fluency disappeared on the instant, and he could only stammer out the needless question, "Who art thou, Lord?" A modern philosopher, using the favorite current shop-talk of his trade, would call that magnetism. It was truth in demonstration. To that experience Saul thenceforward appealed. This was the bedrock of his new faith; he had seen Jesus, and seeing Jesus had made a new man of him.

"We would see Jesus—this is all we're needing,
Strength and joy and willingness come with the sight;
We would see Jesus, dying, risen, pleading,
Then welcome day, and farewell mortal night."

The way Saul was made over is still the way new men—who alone can make new social conditions—are to be secured for the world. A transforming spiritual experience, which will bring men into allegiance to the ideals and personality of Jesus, is the deepest need of our day. Not a new social environment imposed upon the old human nature, but new hearts in individual men and women is what alone can heal the ills of the present social order. Nothing would so bless our generation as for our people to have Saul's experience of confronting Christ, and entering his discipleship.

A New Ananias Club.

Blinded by the radiance of his vision, and all his old world hanging in shreds around his heels, Saul was led into Damascus. There he remained in darkness three days, fasting the while, and brooding over the tremendous experience which he ever after regarded as his new birth.

There he was found by a disciple named Ananias, sent by Jesus. Let us advertise the fact that there is in the New Testament another Ananias besides the liar. This is a different sort of man. Would that there could be in every Sunday school an Ananias club of boys pledged to be helpers like him. He was an "I am here" man, not afraid to obey even where he did not understand. Sent to instruct Saul, the arch-persecutor, whose very name was a terror to the Christian community, he went whole-hearted, saluting him as "Brother Saul." His part was a lesser part, such as fell to the lot of us; but he did it well. Thus he became identified with Saul's life and work, and a sharer in all the triumphs of the kingdom that were effected through this made-over persecutor.

A Lazy Liver

makes life a burden, as thousands of suffering men and women know. Food does little good. There is no energy for business or pleasure. Headache, sleeplessness, yellow skin, coated tongue indicate that the liver is not doing its work and the bile is not being carried off.

Now Works 10 Hours a Day.

"This is to certify that I have been troubled with my liver for several months past, and after trying many different remedies I read your advertisement in the Daily News of this city. I immediately wrote for a sample bottle and I can truthfully say that I have been benefited very materially. I shall continue taking your medicine and feel sure that in a very few weeks' time I shall be completely recovered from my trouble which caused headache and sleeplessness. My skin was quite yellow, but it is now clearing up. I am able to put in my full ten hours each day which I have to do at the factory where I work.

I can cheerfully recommend your medicine to anyone who has similar troubles to those which I have mentioned above." Elmer Whipple, 119 Colfax St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Warner's Safe Cure

which is purely a vegetable compound, is an absolutely safe and permanent cure for all inflammatory and other diseases of the liver. It corrects the functional trouble by increasing the flow of bile into the bowels to a healthy standard and keeping it so. It aids in removing the waste material that obstructs the circulation of the liver, and by its tonic and purifying properties brings to a condition of perfect harmony all the organs of the body.

WARNER'S SAFE PILLS, sugar-coated, absolutely free from injurious substances, a perfect laxative, will cure Indigestion, Biliousness, Torpid Liver and Constipation. Do not gripe.

WARNER'S SAFE CURE is put up in two sizes and is sold by all druggists at 50 CENTS and $1.00 A BOTTLE. Refuse substitutes containing harmful drugs which injure the system.

Sample Bottle Free. Sample bottle of WARNER'S SAFE CURE will be sent postpaid to any one who will write WARNER'S SAFE CURE CO., ROCHESTER, N. Y., and mention having seen this liberal offer in The Toledo Weekly Blade.

Lacked Nerve

It is evident to most of us, as we advance in years, that we lack the force, energy and vitality that was ours in youth. This, however, need not be, provided we take the proper steps to fortify ourselves against this weakness and loss of vital power by making use of the treatment which is the best and most effective known to medical science for Nervous Debility, Lack of Nerve Force, Weakness, etc., brought on by overwork, worry or any other cause. To those who desire to test the merits of this wonderful preparation we have induced Messrs. Winchester and Co., of 1009 Beekman Bldg., New York city, who are the oldest manufacturers of Hypophosphite preparations in America, (est. 1858) to send a regular full size $1 box of The Specific Pill to all our readers who will send them this advertisement, inclosing twenty-five cents with same.

Don't fail to take advantage of this offer (the first they have made to our readers in fifty years) as same expires May 1st, 1909. This is no C. O. D. or Treatment Scheme. Write name and address plainly. Booklet free on request, by sealed mail.

Record Swearer in Jail.

Chester Dispatch to Philadelphia Record.

With a record of 100 "cuss" words a minute, James Noonday has been committed to six months in jail by Police Magistrate Stockman.

Policeman Sill, who took Noonday into custody, said: "He was using profane language, and cuss words were coming so fast I couldn't count them, although I reckon he was putting them out at the rate of 100 a minute. He is certainly a past master and kept it up for five minutes at a stretch."

The law provides that for each oath used on the public highway a fine of 67 cents can be imposed. Having sworn 600 times, according to the estimate of Policeman Sill, the magistrate decided that he was justified in sentencing Noonday to six months if the fines were not paid.

A Giant Lobster.

Knnebec Journal.

There is on exhibition in a window in Saco the largest lobster that has been landed in these parts for years, if ever. The lobster measures 30 inches in total length and his body proper is 20 inches long. Before boiling he weighed 9¼ pounds, and boiled weighed 7 pounds. The lobster was caught by John E. Lewis, jr., off Straton's Island, in Saco Bay, in one of his traps, on Wednesday. The big fellow was the only occupant of the trap, and none of the lobsters in the other traps near by were of greater than average size. He is the biggest catch of the kind that Mr. Lewis has ever landed. Claws and parts of lobsters have been exhibited before which were said to belong to lobsters which would weigh more than this one, but the exhibit is the largest of its kind, exhibited whole, that local people can seem to remember about.

Sparrow Slaughter in Michigan.

Marquette correspondence Minneapolis Journal.

One thousand and sixty-four sparrows were slaughtered by Marquette boys in the three months of the open season for these birds ending with the close of February. At the rate of two cents a head the feathered prey netted the youngsters a total of $21.28 in bounties.

Larger payments were made in other upper Michigan cities. The sparrow bounty law is not in much favor in this locality, and there is hope the legislature will repeal it or will at least make its terms optional with the counties. The opposition to the statute is based on humanitarian grounds.

QUESTION BUREAU

RULES—1.—Your real name and postoffice address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2.—Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but not different subjects. 3.—The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything or sell anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4.—We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5.—We will not answer any questions involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6.—Don't ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers, we will reply in print, but never by mail.

MARY STUART

Will you please give a sketch of Mary Stuart, the queen of Scotland?—J. C. B., Lewis, Ind.

Mary Stuart, queen of Scotland, was born December 8, 1542, and died February 8, 1587. She was the only child of James V. of Scotland, and was proclaimed queen on his death, December 14, 1542. She married the dauphin of France in 1558, he dying two years later, soon after his coronation. She returned to Scotland, where, in 1565, she married Lord Darnley, her cousin. She hoped by this marriage to get into favor with the English Catholics, with whom her husband had great influence. Darnley, however, became the tool of a Protestant plot against Rizzio, an Italian favorite of the queen. Rizzio was killed in 1566. She was temporarily reconciled to Lord Darnley after the birth of her son, but in 1567 Darnley's house was blown up and he was killed. The murder was laid to Earl Bothwell, whom the queen married three months later. This act turned all the nobles against her; she was forced to surrender to her enemies and abdicate in July, 1567. Mary escaped from her imprisonment in Loch Leven castle in May, 1568. Being unsuccessful in her attempt to raise an army, she crossed over into England, entrusting herself to Elizabeth, and was almost immediately imprisoned. Elizabeth regarded Mary as her rival for the English crown. Elizabeth wished to put Mary out of the way, but through her fear of France and Spain, waited until 1587, when she was beheaded at Fotheringay.

MICHIGAN STATE OFFICERS

Please name the state officers of Michigan—E. J., Palmyra, Mich.

The officers of the state of Michigan are Fred M. Warner, gov ernor; P. H. Kelley, lieutenant-governor; F. C. Martindale, secretary of state; Al E. Sleeper, treasurer; Oramel B. Fuller, auditor; John E. Bird, attorney-general; William T. McGurrin, adjutant-general; Luther L. Wright, superintendent of education; James V. Barry, commissioner of insurance, and Huntley Russell, commissioner of the state land office.

THE AMERICAN INDIAN

Please tell what you can concerning the American Indian. How many reservations are there in the United States? Also give the number of Indians in this country, the number of tribes and their manner of gaining a livelihood.—H. A. P., Sandy Lake, Pa.

The Indians were so named because of the supposition that the lands discovered by the early navigators were parts of India. There have been many attempts to change their name, but they have all failed. There are many tribes of Indians in this country, but they are too numerous to name. We cannot give the number of reservations now in this country. At present there are 266,760 Indians, many of whom gain their livelihood by farming. The tribes in British America, Lower California and the United States, including those found both north and south of the Mexican border and excluding the remainder of Mexico, are divided into 57 linguistic families or stocks, fundamentally differing from each other. Thus interpreters are often needed when many tribes of Indians get together for various purposes.

THE COW-TREE

Please tell what you can of the cow tree.—D. M., Ethel, W. Va.

Cow tree is a name given to a number of trees of different natural orders, the juice of which is used as a substitute for milk. When one kind of this tree is pierced a highly nutritious milky juice appears, with an agreeable creamy odor and taste, recalling that of the cow's milk, but which is slightly viscid and soon becomes yellow, gradually thickening into a somewhat cheesy consistency. It grows on the Cordilleras of the coast of Caracas. The negroes and other lean natives of the region fatten on its milk. Another order of this tree contains a milky juice, which is usually acrid and poisonous, while the milk of another species is of a sharp and burning taste. In this case, however, the juice is agreeable and wholesome, although somewhat sticky, owing to the large proportion of caoutchouc.

WILLIAM A. WHEELER

Please give a sketch of William A. Wheeler.—C. J. H., Burton, O.

William Adolphus Wheeler, the American lexicographer, was born November 14, 1833, and died October 28, 1874. He graduated from Bowdoin college in 1853, engaging himself as a teacher for a few years. He assisted Joseph E. Worcester in the preparation of his dictionary. He also occupied himself in the revised edition of Webster's dictionary. In 1867 he was appointed assistant superintendent of the Boston public library. He began to write an encyclopedia on Shakespearean literature, but died before completing it.

SAMUEL F. B. MORSE

Will you please publish in the Question Bureau what you can concerning the life of Samuel F. B. Morse, the American inventor?—H. J. E., Cedar Springs, Mich.

Samuel Finley Breese Morse was born April 27, 1791, and died April 2, 1872. He graduated from Yale in 1810, after which he visited England with Washington Allston in order to study painting. Three years later he made his first attempt at sculpture, winning the gold medal of the Adelphi society. He returned to New York to take the professorship in the university of the city of New York. Morse had always been fond of studying chemistry and natural philosophy, and it became at last a dominant pursuit with him. He became interested in electrical matters, and while returning from Havre on a packet ship, first conceived the idea of the telegraph. In 1835 he exhibited his first recording apparatus, and two years later made a much more perfect one. He now thought that his apparatus was sufficiently perfected for commercial introduction, so in 1838 he asked congress to construct an experimental line between Baltimore and Washington to show its practicability. His request was not acted upon by congress so Morse went to Europe in hopes of getting some foreign government interested in it. He was also unsuccessful in this. Finally congress, on the last night of its session, appropriated $30,000 for the purpose of his experiment. In 1844 the work was completed, the first message, "What hath God wrought?" was sent from the supreme court room in the capitol at Washington to Baltimore on May 24. Honors were showered on him by many of the foreign governments. No American has probably received so many marks of distinction as Morse. Prof. Morse also had the distinction of laying the first submarine telegraph line, which was done in New York harbor in 1842.

GRAPHITE

What are the uses of black lead or graphite? And how prepared for use? Where is it found?—B. A. G., Avondale, Colo.

Black lead, graphite, or plumbago, is a mineral consisting chiefly of carbon, but containing more or less of alumina selica, lime, iron, etc., to the extent of from 1 to 47 per cent, apparently mixed rather than chemically combined. Black lead is the popular name, and that which is generally known in the arts. Graphite is the name preferred by mineralogists. The name black lead ought, perhaps, to be regarded as an unfortunate one, as no lead enters the composition of the mineral. It sometimes occurs crystallized, in short, imbedded hexagonal prisms, but generally massive, and more or less radiated, foliated, scaly or compact. It is of a grayish black color, with a somewhat metallic luster, and is opaque. It is greasy to the touch, and is a perfect conductor of electricity. Much black lead is found at Borrowdale, Cumberland. There are also great deposits in Missouri and in Siberia. It is employed in making pencils. It is extensively used, also, to give a gloss to iron railings, stoves, etc., and to diminish the friction of belts and other parts of machinery. It has been suggested as a lubricating agent in the cartridges of rifles, instead of lard or tallow.

WATERPROOF CLOTH

Can The Blade tell me how to make cloth waterproof?—H. R. T., Springer, Ind.

There have been various devices for rendering cloth waterproof without the use of India rubber. The most successful of these, no doubt, is the Stenhouse patent. This consists of the application of paraffine combined with drying oil. Paraffine was first used alone, but it was found to harden and break off from the cloth after a time. When drying oil was added, however, even in a very small quantity, it was found that the two substances, by the absorption of oxygen, became converted into a tenacious substance very much like resin. To apply this, the paraffine is melted with drying oil, and then cast into blocks. The composition can then be applied to fabrics by rubbing them over with a block of it, either cold or gently warmed. Or the melted mixture may be applied with a brush, and the cloth then passed through hot rollers, in order to cover its entire substance perfectly. This application makes cloth very repellant to water, though still pervious to air.

MISCELLANEOUS

G. S. C., Sullivan, O.: Consult a lawyer for the information you desire.

B. F. H., West Liberty, O.: We can give no sketch of Madame Rousier.

E. B. S., Kittyton, Tenn.: The north pole of compass needle points toward north because it is attracted by the south magnetic pole of the earth which is located in northern Canada.

E. D., Erie, Pa.: A full account of the trip of the fleet around the world was published in The Blade of February 25, 1909.

E. P. W., Middleburg, Ky.: The list of United States envoys and ambassadors is too long to publish in these columns.

E. P., Belmont, O.: We are not able to give the author of Underbrush.

W. W., Morristown, Minn.: Few slaves were freed in the southern states prior to the civil war. Some were freed by their masters, but there was no general emancipation.

FINE POST CARDS FREE.

A Big Package Sent to All of Our Readers Who Write at Once.

To any reader of this paper who writes immediately and incloses 2-cent stamp we will mail a set of three most beautiful post cards you ever saw. Ten very finest Floral, Friendship and Motto cards, all different, in exquisite colors, silk finish, beautifully embossed, etc., for only 10 cents. Thirty cards, all different, 25 cents. Address The Art Post Card Club, 809 Jackson st., Topeka, Kan.

March of the Years.

To the beat of a million suns far-flung,
To the dance of systems wild,
To the dirge of the bells old Time has rung
Where the far dead worlds have filed;

To the throb of the summer flaming high,
To the tread of the muffled snows,
To the autumn dash on world and sky,
To the pulse of the opening rose;

To the banners of morning streaming far,
To the brimful cup of the noon,
To the sinking light of the evening star
And the midnight's shadowy swoon;

To the baby's cry—to the shout of the boy,
To the maiden's ripening grace,
To the strong man's grief or his conquering joy,
To the sigh of the upturned face;

It is march—march—march—no halt, no pause;
God's regulars one by one;
As they doff their plumes to the cangeless laws,
The years that go marching on.

It is "Hail and Salute" as they bring our fate—
The wreath or the punitive rod;
For they swing—in their sovereign soldier state—
The guards of the Sovereign God.

—Charles Lemuel Thompson, in the Independent.

Cure for Roosevelt.

Los Angeles Dispatch to New York American.

In the course of an interview here John Burroughs, the great naturalist, expressed the belief that age would cure Mr. Roosevelt of his disposition to hunt merely for the sake of sport, and that his love of nature would make him a student rather than a huntsman.

"I do not preach the strenuous life, as does my friend, Mr. Roosevelt, but I let him go his way and I go mine. Roosevelt has a fair mind and is much more open to conviction in this regard than most people realize, but generally you have to let him take the bit in his teeth and go his own pace. Still he has a wonderfully candid mind. He is also a human dynamo.

"Before I left I asked him to take some notes for me about African birds on certain details that naturalists have heretofore overlooked, and he said he would. He takes as much delight in nature as I do, and he has added to that the enjoyment of a sportsman, which I have not. I could not take the life of an animal or a bird unless it were solely for food.

"As we get older, the savage element dies out of us and the human comes to the fore. Just as young birds cast back to ancestral types, so man in youth reverts to the instincts of his barbarous ancestors. But with age the civilization in man comes to the front. So I expect it will be with Mr. Roosevelt, that if he lives he will not be a hunter for the sake of the sport much longer."

Old Eggs the Best.

Minneapolis Dispatch to New York Press.

Prof. John L. Coulter, of the economist department of the State university, Thursday gave his class a lesson on egg buying, incidentally upsetting the time-honored theory of the housewife. Prof. Coulter said that cold storage eggs are much better than the so-called fresh variety and grow better with age, and people make a mistake in demanding fresh eggs of their grocers.

His theory is that eggs put in cold storage and carefully inspected are as good after three years as they were when packed away.

"The fresh egg of commerce," said the

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, APRIL 15, 1909.

Largest and Best Weekly Published and Largest Circulation.

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover each week all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is one of the strongest and most thoughtful in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

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Entered at the postoffice at Toledo as second-class mail matter.

Circulation Last Week 235,000

Lots of good advice is wasted on congress.

Somebody's neck would just about suit Cipriano Castro as a landing place.

The business of manufacturing bock beer signs is not as good as it used to be.

Everywhere Mr. Roosevelt goes the people act as if they had heard of him before.

Crazy Snake should have organized a new political party, instead of going on the warpath.

Whenever two or more Democrats are gathered together something is sure to be viewed with alarm.

"Mississippi ministers have formed a trust." Better organize a union and go in for shorter sermons.

A Michigan officeholder has resigned at the age of 92. He believes in giving somebody else a chance.

Little spring cold snaps are all right in a way. They check the fruit buds and the housecleaning germ.

The old method of starting a saloon and building a town around it is going out of style in this country.

The man who has an eye for beauty doesn't want it put out by the sawedged brim of a woman's hat.

Aeronauts are certainly making headway when they can fall out of the clouds without hurting themselves.

It will be a long time before the real estate men are as deeply interested as the scientists in polar expeditions.

"Mr. Bryan admits to a little stiffness and soreness in his joints." But he can still wave his arms and talk.

An Alabama man tried to eat dynamite the other day. It is superfluous to add that he made a humiliating failure of it.

A professor says lying results from intellectual lazines. Thought it was the natural result of a chronic desire to hold office.

Nebraska saloons, under the new law, are to close at sundown. That means more warm meals for the dear ones at home.

A Pittsburg brakeman announces that he is Charlie Ross. He doesn't go so far, however, as to declare that you can't lose him.

Mr. Fairbanks is going to Africa. But he will be too late. Africa will have been discovered several weeks before he gets there.

"Few men understand the art of lovemaking," somebody says. But most women like to have 'em blunder away at it to their heart's desire.

Uncle Joe Cannon is going to play golf. He has found that smoking long, black cigars doesn't give him all the physical exercise he needs.

The annual profits of the Standard Oil company are estimated at $60,000,000. But the company needs the money to pay its attorneys.

Professor Matthews says it is an enormous waste of time to learn to spell. Don't see how the school teachers can help loving that man.

Mr. Bok declares this season's millinery styles are beautiful and artistic. Mr. Bok is the editor of a publication for women, and he naturally aims to please.

"Diaz stands alone as Mexico's grand old man," remarks the Baltimore American. Sure. Nobody else in the country ever had half a chance.

A seventeen-year-old Detroit girl had her father arrested for spanking her. The court upheld the father. Thus has another sacred prerogative been sustained.

Probably you have observed that the government isn't trembling in its boots for fear the Standard Oil company will jump at it and scare it to death.

The Standard Oil company is not a trust, according to the argument of one of its attorneys. He does not, however, declare that it is a spring poem or the long meter doxology.

Spelling reformers say they are perfectly satisfied with progress already made. This means that they intend going right ahead with the cruel maiming of innocent words.

Mrs. Russell Sage offers to give half a million dollars to the American Bible Society if the gift is duplicated. Here is a chance for some Christian to get his name in the papers.

The portrait of Alexander Hamilton is to adorn the new $1,000 government certificates. In time we hope to become so familiar with Mr. Hamilton's portrait that we can think of him as Alex.

Six married women were among the graduates recently turned out by a New York law school. As time grows on apace, and the occasion demands, their husbands will doubtless learn where to head in.

NO LAND QUESTION HERE.

America appears at moments to be stuffed with political problems as the old Ray's arithmetic was with those of another complexion. But the country has reason to feel itself fortunate in escaping that great problem of England and Ireland, the land question.

Arthur Arnold has been investigating the distribution of land in the United Kingdom. He has found that 2,250 individuals own nearly half the enclosed area of England and Wales. One-fourth of Scotland is possessed by twelve persons, one-half by seventy, and nine-tenths by 1,700. Twenty-eight dukes have 158 estates of 3,991,811 acres in aggregate. Twenty-three marquises own 1,567,227 acres; 194 earls, 634 estates of 5,862,118 acres; 270 viscounts and barons, 680 estates of 3,780,000 acres. Thus 15,201,156 acres are in the hands of 525 members of the nobility.

The problem of narrow possession is become the more complicated and distressing because of the custom of abandoning tillable land and giving it over to parks and fishing and hunting preserves. Owners with investments in the stocks and bonds of mercantile and manufacturing industries can well afford to surrender cultivated property to forest and brush. It is estimated that 100,000 acres per annum has passed from farmland to parkland in the last twenty-five years. As the British cities grow in population the agricultural population decreases at an alarming rate.

It is to be doubted whether the land question as it is known in the United Kingdom, can ever be a familiar one in America. Government, business methods and national temperament are sufficient to make it impossible to find a home over here.

NO BACKING FOR CONSULS.

The reorganization of the consular service has had excellent effect if there is any judging by the daily reports sent out by the department of commerce and labor. These documents are interesting indicators of the movements of trade and they carry, moreover, a flavor of the romance of commerce in the outland places of the world.

The issue of April 2, for example, narrates the discovery of diamond fields in German Africa, the flotation of a company to work them and the hope that a rival to Kimberley has been uncovered. Another consul announces the finding of tin mines in Rhodesia which were worked in the bronze age. A long article describes the experiments in France to avoid dust explosions in mines. An English syndicate is about to recover emeralds in Columbia, Chile desires American safes and figures are given of the egg and poultry market in Belgium. Each of these consular trade reports contains, besides, a list of opportunities for American merchants and manufacturers.

The attempt of the government to spread American goods over the face of the earth is altogether admirable in purpose, but where it is unaided by American vessels and American steamship agencies it is likely to prove largely futile. For this condition the refusal of congress to give the support which Britain, Germany and Japan grant freely may be thanked.

CASTRO MOVING ON.

The determination to prevent Cipriano Castro from fomenting a revolution in Venezuela is not a case of disciplining, or of taking reprisals for injuries given, but one of maintaining peace in South America.

Castro represents nothing except a personal ambition. He has no wrongs to right, no tyrannies to overthrow, no progressive policies to inaugurate. His plans involve no cause but his own. The government of Venezula is, in fact, now concerning itself mostly with offsetting the hurts which Castro inflicted, bringing bitter factions into agreement for the betterment of the country, restoring its treasuries to pay for the huge pillagings of the former president. The countries now interested in blockading the movements of Castro have not overstepped the bounds of international law in ordering him to move on. They have simply refused to permit the founding of a revolutionary junta in their colonial possessions.

More and more the policy of keeping peace among the smaller nations of the world by a show of force becomes a definite one. Central America dwells beneath an espionage which will tend to make revolutions and wars the unusual instead of the ordinary event. Interference in Haiti, while it has not been attempted yet, will probably come unless the little republic can learn of herself the value of orderliness. Cuba is fortunate in having Uncle Sam as her own properly chosen policeman. Perhaps, some day, the powers, having learned to prevent bloodshed in the territories of the weaker nations, may find a way to banish war forever from their own consideration.

PLENTY OF UNIVERSAL TONGUES.

Just as the stock of schemes for regenerating the world will probably never run out, so it is unlikely that the production of universal languages will ever be exhausted. There are always professors and scientific folk and wealthy amateurs tinkering away at this job of counteracting the catastrophe at Babel.

Esperanto is in greatest favor now, but it appears from the World's Almanac of 1909 that there has been secession in the society engaged in spreading the light of understanding over the face of the globe. The insurgents call their language Ito and declare they have improved upon Esperanto as the steamboat improves upon a canal boat. Still Colonel George Harvey, the propagandist-in-chief of the Esperantists, is not friendly to the revolt and refuses to admit even its existence.

Up to 1817 twenty-six systems of international languages had been devised. Since then they have multiplied like rabbits. Twenty were offered between 1817 and 1879 when Volapuk came out and had a short period of popularity. Between Volapuk and Esperanto were eleven artificial languages. From the publication of the grammar of Esperanto in 1887 there have been forty-two.

Like the doctrines and cures of blue glass, the simple life and the Kneipp barefoot cult, the international languages gather each its group of enthusiasts, but make little headway against the apathy of the world in general. It is recognized that such a tongue would be of enormous good, but the people are not ready to welcome and study it yet.

STANDARD OIL TOO GOOD.

The Standard Oil company is, as a matter of fact, a benevolent institution. You may have thought differently about it, you may have been angered by the secret rebate systems of the company, you may even have been injured by them, you may have believed the absorption of railroads and industrial plants and pipe lines unlawful, the subsidizing of senators and representatives iniquitous, and the seduction of the honor of the bookkeepers of rival concerns dangerous to public morals, but it appears, you have been in error.

The chief attorney appearing for the Standard Oil company in the United States court in St. Louis declares the upbuilding of the monopoly was altogether fair and natural. He says there had been nothing wrong, no fraud, no coercion. The idea of crushing competitors never entered the head of John D. Rockefeller. What he did do, and that showed his high spirit of Christian character, according to the distinguished gentleman of the law, was to buy the refineries of those who found they could not succeed in the business. Denials were entered that the Standard had violated any statute, robbed any opponent, taken any unfair advantage, done anything in fact that would not entitle it to a crown of glory.

In Washington, Joseph Cannon descended from his seat and plead for the duty on petroleum products. He, too, believes that the Standard Oil company is a nice, law-abiding party in need of protection as an infant industry.

We live in an age of enlightenment.

SMITH, JONES AND BROWN.

To whom do we owe the independence of America? Whose sacrifice was it, whose courage and loyalty and perseverance threw off the irksome yoke of Britain and gave us the strength to stand as a nation among nations? None other but the targets of humor, Smith, Jones and Brown, aided by the tribes of Davis, Johnson, Clarke, Williams, Miller and Wilson.

The white population of the states at the time of the first census in 1790 was 3,171,000 persons. There were less than 30,000 family names in the country then, and of the families there were 5,932 clans of Smiths, having numerical dependencies of 33,245 persons; 3,358 of the Brown stock, with 19,175 persons; 2,575 Davis families with 14,300 answering to the name; 2,561 of the kith and kin of the Jones, equaling the Davis group in strength; 2,646 families of Johnsons, with 14,004; 2,242 Clark families, numbering 13,766 persons; 2,283 Williams families, having 12,717; 2,225 families of Millers, with 12,694, and 1,765 Wilson families, numbering 9,797 persons.

To read the proceedings of the patriotic societies one might gather it was the Schuylers, the Fairfaxes, the Endicots and Hunnewells who drove the Hessians into the sea, but what would they have done without the Smiths, Joneses, Browns and those other mighty generations? Nothing at all. The revolution would have proved a miserable fizzle.

PEOPLE OF THE LABORATORIES.

Scattered throughout the world, in cities, towns, country, in the chemical laboratories of the universities and of the industrial plants are groups of earnest, modest men who search for the secrets of this infinitely complex world. Only their greatest achievements come into general notice. And yet their work constantly improves the lot, the comfort and the well-being, of humanity.

Let us glance at a column of brief items published in the Scientific American. The first tells os of experiments to produce a glass for miners' lamps. These have progressed so far that a glass has been manufactured which remains intact in the most violent changes of temperature.

Sir William Ramsay, according to another paragraph, has succeeded in transmuting the elements of zirconium, thorium and bismuth into carbon.

Further tests have been made of the mysterious decomposing properties of radium.

Earth tides have been accurately estimated by a German investigator.

A French chemist has found a new source of turpentine.

Camille Flammeron urges the digging of a great well to obtain an economic and almost inexhaustible supply of power from the internal heat of the earth.

A new antiseptic for internal use has been made by a French experimentalist.

In a cancer research laboratory in England the exact effect of X-rays upon animal cells has been studied for the guidance of the physician.

Discovery leads utilization often by so many years that the inclination is to be cynical about the accumulation of knowledge, but we should never forget that these searchers for pure learning made the electric light possible, gave us the priceless understanding of the relation of germs to disease and brought us aluminum, the coal tar dyes, artificial indigo and thousands upon thousands of other articles of even greater importance.

THE PRICE OF BAD ROADS.

To market a crop production worth seven and a half billions of dollars the farmers of the United States paid more than a billion dollars last year. It is estimated by experts that had America the good roads of France that cost could have been kept within 400 millions. Thus the agriculturists of this country pay an annual assessment in excess of 650 million dollars for the price of poor highways. A rather expensive luxury.

Good reads mean a hundred things besides a saving in the marketing of farm products—increase in valuations, knitting of farm communities, facilities for communication, closer connections with town, with the doctor, the repair shops, the mail and the world in general. When one considers what losses in comfort, in the pleasures of neighborly communion, in instruction and in temper the farmers in certain sections suffer in the course of a year on account of fathomless roads, it is easier to understand why President Roosevelt appointed a commission to examine into the welfare of the most important members of the American social structure.

TARIFF AND POLITICAL MORTALITY

The house has passed the tariff bill and is very glad of it. It celebrated the event with cheering and singing, and, it is rumored, with other things later.

The members of the house have reason to feel relieved. There is no legislative measure which contains so much explosive as a tariff bill. Many a politician who has handled it bravely, defended it or sought to murder it, has written his own sentence to the private life. A representative from Texas is expected to howl effectively for free lumber and see that the duties on rice and hides are put at the highest notches. The congressman from Massachusetts might go home to boast that he had obtained free hides, but if he had let cotton products get upon the free list he might better have stayed in Washington and busied himself with writing for a new job. There is no pleasing everyone in the matter of a tariff, but everyone wants to be pleased. The workman demands an arrangement by which he gets the highest wages and the necessities of life at the lowest. The manufacturer seeks raw material at the cheapest price and asks for prohibitive barriers against the foreign articles with which he competes. It is the representative who has to bear the brunt of dissatisfaction with a tariff bill as it is passed. The senator, elected indirectly by the people, escapes the avenging votes. And yet it is the senate which makes the tariff law.

The country has not taken the interest in the tariff discussion it did at the time the McKinley bill was before congress. And that may be why the representatives cavorted about the house on Friday.

ANOTHER HARASSED RAILROAD.

The United States court in Helena, Mont., has ordered the Northern Pacific Railway company to return land having a value of nearly $3,000,000 to the public domain. The tract was taken up under a non-mineral classification, although at the time it was known to be underlaid with valuable desposits of coal.

This instance is a fairly good example of the way in which the transcontinental railroads have seized every opportunity to increase property holdings and profits, although the government granted them concessions of almost incalculable value, in order to get the lines built. Prospectors throughout the west have made discoveries which they could not develop for want of capital, and because their market was not ready for them if they had had it. The railroads could promote the enterprises needed and could develop the market. As a result, they own or control mineral rights of tremendous worth, obtained cheaply, or sometimes, as in such cases as that brought into court in Montana, without observing even the letter of the law.

And the railroads complain that the federal government is harassing them!

POLITENESS.

A college president who retired a year or so ago remarked that the greatest change he had observed in his time was a decided increase in politeness among Americans.

When a person reads the proceedings of congress he is forced to admit that politeness, if it does not rule our representative citizens, at least compels its recognition. The other day a member of the house was charged with owing his election to a trust. "Do you mean to cast a reflection upon my honor?" he asked. "'Twas a mere pleasantry," answered the accuser, "I have the greatest respect in the world for the gentleman." Time was when a member from Massachusetts felt in duty bound to pronounce any congressman south of the Ohio a "nigger driver," and the southerner retorted with "hoss thief," or "despicable abolitionist," and was prepared and eager to follow up the controversey with firearms. The practice of the present is considered an excellent improvement upon that in force in ante-bellum days. An outrageous insult is shorn of its sting by an expression of the greatest surprise that the gentleman did not understand the reference was to things in general and to no one specifically, least of all to the member objecting.

The college president was doubtless right—and yet if congressmen must blackguard one another the old directness of speech had points of merit in that no one could raise a question of courage.

AN AMERICAN.

Ethan Allen Hitchcock's public work was of the most unobtrusive character. Yet it rounded out an earlier career of unusual business and creative success, giving him a monument that will be an honor to American history.

Born in the south, resident to the middle west, Mr. Hitchcock yet seemed to possess the qualities and virtues usually assigned to natives of New England. Few men deserved more the desirable, if somewhat hackneyed, term, sturdy. He was a most conscientious worker, patient with wearisome detail, and he never forgot as secretary of the interior that his duty lay with his country. His administration of his office was distinguished by a fairer treatment of the Indians than they had known under any previous secretary, and it must be credited with the long and tremendously heavy task of breaking up the alarming practice of the organized land thieves. Indeed, the labors of Mr. Hitchcock live after him in the honest control of the forest reserves, in the jealous oversight of the public domain and the vigorous prosecution of land fraud cases.

Ethan Allen Hitchcock was a specimen of American manhood of which the country can be proud. In more than one sense he was a great American.

KNITTING THE COUNTRY CLOSER

Chicago is linked with New York by trolley. It isn't a very impressive statement, for it has been expected for three or four years, and yet it means an immense break with dependence solely on steam, millions of money in investment, networks of rails and cobwebs of wires, a great faith and an enthusiasm for creative adventure that is not without nobility.

It was last year that Elliott Flower attempted to journey from Chicago to New York by trolley. There had been such rapid building, so many more lines had been projected than had actually been laid, that no accurate map was extant. Mr. Flower had been told that the feat could be performed. From the data he could obtain he thought it quite possible. But gaps were found. One he struck almost at the beginning of the trip. One near the end could have been avoided by traveling on the other side of the Hudson than the shore he selected. But now the trip is entirely possible. Chicago to South Bend, to Indianapolis, to Dayton, to Toledo, to Buffalo, to Syracuse, to Jersey City and then under the North river to Manhattan.

A few persons have thought that steam would shortly be replaced. Unless more economical methods for the generation of electricity are invented this is hardly possible. At least it is not forecast by present conditions. Electrification will come where municipalities force it in order to rid themselves of the smoke nuisance, in parts of the road where water power is handy and cheap and possibly along great stretches where the traction cars can serve as feeders and lighten the burden of triffic.

Wonders have been performed by the trolley companies. There is no telling now how daring they may become, what enterprise they might not undertake, when the period of consolidation strikes them.

TAFT AND THE YELLOWS

It was inevitable the professional sensationalists would charge that William Howard Taft was abjectly following the directions given by his predecessor or was proceeding to throw all the policies overboard. They have chosen—for the moment—to take the latter course. It might be interesting to recall Mr. Taft's words of the week before inauguration. We quote therefrom:

Mr. Roosevelt never had the education and the practice of a lawyer. His intense desire to reach practical results for good has made him at times impatient of the restraint of legal methods, while I have been trained as a lawyer and a judge and am strongly imbued with the necessity of legal methods as eleven years on the bench are likely to make one; and yet in spite of this difference of method and difference of temperament, it is quite remarkable to me, and we have frequently commented upon it to each other, that we have been in agreement in our views as to the results that ought to be obtained in the matter of government and political progress, even to details, much more than other men who have come into association with both of us.

The confidence which the common, plain people have had in Theodore Roosevelt as their representative and defender has been most perfectly placed, for there never was a champion more sincere in support of their real interests, and yet there never was a friend franker in his statement to them of the unpleasant truths that occasionally they ought to be told.

It is well to keep in mind that the yellow press, by taste and because it serves the counting room best, take by preference the slanderous, mud slinging side of any proposition. Their forte is pulling down, not construction. And how sickening now to read their protestations of respect and affection for Roosevelt when barely six weeks ago they were pronouncing him everything that was venal and monstrous!

THE HOME OF THE FROG EATER

Horace Lee Washington, American consul general at Marseilles, has blown one of the most widely spread traditions and deep rooted convictions to bits. The French, he has proved, are not a nation of frog eaters.

Mr. Washington was asked to look into the frog industry in France. He found that these succulent little creatures are not either largely or generally used as an article of food. In southern France the demand is exceedingly small. In the wholesale fish markets in Marseilles the frog is entirely unknown. Consul Goldschmidt, at Nantes, says that while frogs exist in great numbers in his district, he could find no one engaged in raising them for the market. He declares further that a study of the menu cards of hotels throughout France fails to discover the serving of frogs. Moreover, in a long list of gastronomic specialties compiled in a French newspaper, there is no mention of the meat prized so highly in the Maumee valley.

America is, in fact, the home of the frog eater. Here he flourishes and fattens—at a truly marvelous rate when the sweet and soulful delicacy comes from a Toledo bay marsh.

THE JOURNEYMAN PUBLICIST.

Said one of the rabid opponents of Roosevelt on March 4: "Now let's proceed to forget him."

The editor who wrote that must be tearing his hair as the cablegrams bear news of the rising Somalis and their threatened raiding across the very territory into which the hunting party is to penetrate. A war within a thousand miles of Teddy Roosevelt would have some claim upon his attention. He would, naturally, be desirous of taking up arms for one side or the other, or he would be speeding a messenger to yank the hostiles apart. But a way delivered at his tent opening, war with men and wild rumor, death and burning villages, this would be a climax of publicity for which the malcontents at home could never forgive providence.

WESTON.

To behold the redoubtable Mr. Weston stride into town Saturday evening and to hear the crowds cheer him was an inspiration. It spoke so much for the enduring nerve of one man and the admiration that obtains for the virtues of the flesh, good red blood and stamina.

Mr. Weston has conquered the worst of his journey, he says. The first week told mostly on his vitality and his will power. It was a fight then with weariness and with muscles out of training. Cold and wind and frightful roads seemed insurmountable obstacles and he was called upon for hours at a stretch to combat the wailing voices of fatigue. But the will to go on retained the upper hand and he feels now as if he were little more than a piece of mechanism, so far as the effort is concerned.

Mr. Weston's description tallies with the longer experience of man's life. It is the first struggles which count for one's success or failure. Perseverance tells in the long run, the grit to stand hard knocks and unspeakable discouragements. If our aim is right, the world surrenders when will and bravery constantly insist that it must.

Kissing babies is a crime, says a nurse. Certainly. Wait till they grow up.

Pastor Is Laborer

Joseph H. Diller, a Baptist minister of the Bahama Island, who refuses to use the profix "Reverend" because he believes that only God should be reverenced. Mr. Diller comes to New York to seek employment as a day laborer in order to pay a debt of $127 to a New York firm of wholesale grocers. As a minister in the Bahama Island, he receives no salary and was barely able to make ends meet.

An Instantaneous Cure.

Dundee Advertiser.

During the cattle plague of 1866 a farmer who had lost a number of his cows grew so depressed that he fully persuaded himself he had also contracted the disease. The medical man whom he consulted tried in vain to laugh him out of his fears, but subsequently, being fond of a joke, pretended to agree with the patient's views, and solemnly told him if he would attend to his instructions he would be cured. He then gave the farmer a prescription, which he directed should be taken to a neighboring druggist, but when the latter opened the envelope and read the contents he was as much startled as the farmer. For the prescription was as follows: "This man has the cattle plague. Take him into the back yard and shoot him, according to act of parliament." Needless to say, the cure was instantaneous.

A Cowboy Spider.

Philadelphia Bulletin.

"Faking aside," said the nature student, "there is in New Zealand a cowboy spider. This creature throws a coil of web like a lasso over its prey's head, then adds more and more coils and when the prey is bound hand and foot devours it.

"There is a Borneo spider that in these spring days plays the fiddle. It is a common thing for a lovesick spider to dance before his girl, but this Borneo boy, by drawing his arm across his tum, produces a sweet, clear note. Whenever he sees a good-looking young lady spider he stops and gives her a tune, hoping to win her by music.

"Then there's the Orville-Wilbur Wright spider, who builds himself an aeroplane of web and sails off on the breeze like our famous Dayton boys.

Art in Selling Hats.

Puck.

"It makes you look small," says the saleslady to the big woman who is trying on the hat. sold.

"It makes you look plump," she says to the slender woman. Sold.

"It makes you look young," she says to the obviously middle-aged woman. Sold.

"It makes you look tall," she says to the short woman. Sold.

"It makes you look short," she says to the tall woman. Sold.

"It brightens your face," she says to the dark woman. Sold.

"It brings out your color," she says to the pale woman. Sold.

And all the hats were alike.

Science and Life.

Linotype machines do not satisfy the Australian who has patented an invention by which, he claims, book and newspaper printing will be placed on an entirely new basis. By the use of a large number of keys provision is made for producing the more common syllables and word terminations by the touch of a key, so that one man can write from 50,000 to 60,000 letters in an hour, which is equal to more than 600 printed lines 18 centimetres (centimetres equal to 0.3937 inch) in length. According to present methods not one-tenth of this can be done by a compositor in an hour.

An Author's Initials.

London Chronicle.

Initials are sometimes the resort of the writer who is anxious to conceal his identity, and a glance through any one of the 700 volumes that comprise the catalogue of the British Museum reading room will discover some strange instances. A theological book, entitled Inquiry Into the Meaning of Demoniacks in the New Testament, is attributed to T. P. A. P. O. A. B. I. C. O. S. Its real author was a certain Arthur Sykes, and the initials reveal his position as "the precentor and prebendary of Alton Borealis in the church of Salisbury."

New Wireless Electric Lamp.

Grand Rapids Dispatch to New York Press.

Phillip Young, a young inventor of this city, Tuesday gave a successful demonstration of a wireless electric lamp. He exhibited the lamp in a store before a hundred persons, who are convinced of its utility. Young refused to make known the secret of the lamp. The light comes from an incandescent globe placed on a small cylinder filled with a compound in the form of powder. A small battery also is charged with this powder. Young said that one battery would keep the lamp burning continuously for six months. He asserted that the cost of the lamp was trifling, but gave no definite estimates.

Banking Upon a Gold Basis.

Harper's Weekly.

There is under construction in Colorado Springs, Colo., a seven-story bank building, whose foundations are composed principally of gold ore. Of course, this ore is of a low grade and has no shipping value for the mineral it contains, but, when mixed with cement, it forms a concrete which is exceptionally strong and durable.

The contractor in charge of the work on the Exchange National Bank building obtains this ore from the mines and the dumps on Bump Hill, in the Cripple Creek district, at a cost of between $1 and $3 a ton. The total value of the gold in this unique foundation has been estimated at $2,000.

The Substitute Victim.

It always follows when I go
To see a baseball game,
The man who's been announced to throw
Has suddenly gone lame,
And on the diamond, where I wished
To watch the star's curves shoot,
And see the mighty swatters swished,
There trots a substitute.

And when I pay four plunk per seat
To hear a singer great,
A cold o'ertakes him, or the heat
Has made him skip a date;
And I must sit in voiceless rage
While, to the strings and flute
There sings, in center of the stage,
Another substitute.

The fresh eggs that are promised one
Make place, alas! for stale,
The book that promises good fun
Brings naught except a wail;
'Twould seem that in our world of strife
The fates are in cahoots,
And nothing's certain, in this life,
Except the substitutes!

—Denver Republican.

THE EDGE OF THINGS

London Chronicle.

With regard to the ancient privilege accorded to the masters of Trinity of wearing their hats in the presence of royalty, it is recorded of a former master that he took this privilege on an occasion when Queen Victoria was visiting Cambridge. The queen remonstrated.

"But, madam," expostulated the master, "I am privileged to wear my hat in the presence of my sovereign."

"Yes, sir," rejoined her majesty with crushing emphasis, "in the presence of your sovereign, but not in the presence of a lady."

Old Man Mullin, a famous cornfield lawyer of Arkansas, was retained in a hog-stealing case in a local court. He had had a couple of adournments, and when the case finally came to trial a new lawyer, named Ried, appeared against Mullin's client.

"Jedge," said Mullin, "I object."

"Object to what?" inquired the court.

"Object to what?" snorted Mullin. "I object to this man Ried coming here and throwin' himself across the peninsula of this case."

Saturday Evening Post.

In the days of the land troubles in Ireland, as Frank O'Malley, the Irish patriot has it, two tenants were told off to lie in wait behind a hedge and kill a particularly offensive landlord. They were told that this landlord always came in from town at half-past five o'clock in the evening, never having missed a day in years. The two men took guns and went to the top of a bit of a hill and sat behind a hedge. It came half-past five and no landlord had been along. One of them went and took a look over the brow of the hill. No one was in sight. The other one took a look. The landlord was not to be seen. It was then near six. The men with the guns were perplexed. "I hope nothin's happened to him," said one.

Saturday Evening Post.

"Down in our country," said Judge Sam Cowan, of Texas, "we had a case in one of the minor courts where a lawyer was trying to collect a bill he claimed was owed to the late husband of his client.

"'He didn't pay no money to the diseased,' said the lawyer. 'He didn't get the money, the diseased didn't. He didn't receive one cent, the diseased didn't.'

"'Diseased?" inquired the judge. 'What was this person you are speaking about diseased of?'

"'May it please your honor,' said the lawyer, 'he was diseased of death.'"

London Tit-Bits.

Goff, the famous London barrister, has a humor peculiarly his own. He looks at the world in a half-amused, half-indulgent manner sometimes very annoying to his friends. One day, when in town, he dropped into a restaurant for lunch. It was a tidy, although not a pretentious establishment. After a good meal he called to the waitress and inquired what kind of pie could be had.

"Apple pie mince pie raisin pie blueberry pie custard pie peach pie and strawberry short cake," the young woman repeated glibly.

"Will you please say that again," he asked, leaning a trifle forward.

The girl went through the list at lightning rate. "And strawberry shortcake," she concluded with emphasis.

"Would you mind doing it once more," he said.

The waitress looked her disgust, and started in a third time, pronouncing the words in a defiantly clear tone.

"Thank you," he remarked when she had finished. "For the life of me I cannot see how you do it. But I like to hear it. It's very interesting, very. Give me apple pie, please, and thank you very much."

Saturday Evening Post.

When they try out voices of girls in New York who are applicants for positions in the chorus they have a code that tells the man who records the names and addresses of the girls what the professor at the piano thinks of them.

The girls are summoned to the theatre in the morning, and the professor sits at the piano. They sing something in turn, bringing their own music. After they have been tested as to vocal abilities they are sent across the stage to a man at the table, who takes their names and tells them they will be sent for if they are wanted. The man at the table is not a musician, and he must know the professor's judgment on the voice. So a code has been arranged. After a girl has finished the professor at the table engage in an animated conversation, using names of cities as the code words. If the man at the table says: "Where are you living now, Charley?" to the professor, and the professor answers: "In New York," that means the girl has a fine voice and can sing. If he says "Brooklyn," that means she has a fair voice, and the further from New York they go the worse it is for the girl.

One day a tall, thin blonde came into a theatre where girls were being engaged for an act piece. She sang off the key, yowled and screeched and made a fearful mess of it. As she walked over to the table the man there asked:

"Where is your cousin now, Charley?"

Everybody who knew the code expected to hear the professor say, "Chicago" or "St. Louis," but he turned around and shouted fiercely: "In Australia."

A correspondent sends to a Paris contemporary a contest of wit which he recently heard in a railway carriage on a journey between Compeigne and Rove. There were several passengers. One believed himself to possess a fund of humor which he intended to expend on a priest who got in at one of the intermediate stations. Bestowing a patronizing look on the clergyman, he said:

"Have you heard the news, Monsieur le cure?"

"No, my friend, I have not," was the reply. "I have been out all day, and have not had time to glance at the papers."

Then said the traveler: "It is something dreadful; the devil is dead."

"Indeed," replied the ecclesiastic, without the smallest surprise or displeasure. Then, seeming deeply touched, he added: "Monsieur, I have always taken the greatest interest in orphans. Will you accept these two sous?"

The wit, we are told, retired as gracefully and as quickly as he was able.

Youth's Companion.

A New Englander, traveling on foot through the southern mountains, studying the people, asked a man whom he met to direct him to a certain cabin at which he had been advised to stay over night. "Going thar?" said the man. "Well, Tom's a first-rater, take him just right, but he's mighty queer."

"What do you mean?" asked the traveler.

"Well, it's like this," and the man looked at the stranger in a calm, impersonal way. "He'll be setting outside most probably, and he'll see you coming; he'll take a good look at you, and if you don't suit him he may set the dog on you.

"Ef he don't, and you get to talking with him, and say anything he don't like, he may throw you down and tromp on you. But ef you're too careful in your talk, on the other hand, he's liable to take you for a spy and use his gun fust and listen to explanations afterward.

"But it's no use trying to get by without stopping," concluded the man, with evident relish of the prospect he was opening up to the stranger. "Ef you was to undertake that, 'twould be all up with you, for he'd think you was proud and biggetty.

"Ef you want to come out of the mountain whole, don't go past Tom's cabin without stopping, whatever you

Varieties

Cuba grows twenty-pound cabbage heads.

Two years is the life of the average spider.

South Carolina authorizes state insurance of county property.

The title of "reverend" was first used in England in 1557.

Laughter is considered undignified and effeminate in Persia.

The depth of the earth's atmosphere is from 120 to 200 miles.

As much as a ton of oil has been obtained from the tongue of a single whale.

The fog banks of the north Atlantic, as a rule, are about thirty miles in diameter.

Mrs. Hetty Green moves from a $60-a-month flat to a $125-a-week suite in a New York hotel.

Chairman Payne blames big department stores for the opposition of women and "hysterical men" to his bill.

The last quarterly sales of ivory in London, in January, amounted to seventy-five and one-fourth tons.

There are at present in India 321 medical missionaries, of whom 121 are men and 136 missionary nurses.

Government railroads in India are experimenting with cast iron cross ties made in the form of boxes.

A machine operated on the principle of the vacuum cleaner is being used to pick walnuts in a California grove.

Experiments with ostrich farming in Australia, the eggs being hatched by artificial incubation, are successful.

Recent additions to the French army's field equipment were several automobile refrigerators to transport fresh meat.

The United States annually produces more oats than any other country in the world—754,00,000 out of 3,580,000,000 bushels.

France has five great mills and a number of smaller ones at which artificial silk is made. There are three kinds of it.

Within the last two decades there have been only two years when the wheat crop of France did not cover the home demand.

Mrs. Howard Gould is pictured by her former maid as a model wife, in a deposition submitted at New York in the separation suit.

Within a circle of sixty miles in diameter, with its center in New York, there are more telephones than in all Great Britain.

Threatened uprising of natives in East Africa causes British government to issue orders for protection of Theodore Roosevelt on his hunting trip.

Former Governor Poynter of Nebraska drops dead in the executive office at Lincoln after urging Governor Shallenberger to approve the saloon bill.

Up to a certain point exposure to radium rays stimulates the germination of seeds, but if that point be passed the growth is stopped.

A new instrument for use when stropping razors includes a guide which prevents the blade slipping, and injuring itself or the strop.

False teeth of ivory, on a plate of the same material, and held in place by gold wire, were in comparatively common use as early as 1000 B. C.

Last year the British Admiralty abolished the use of carrier pigeons, as the result of the demonstrated success of wireless telegraphy. The French Admiralty is about to adopt the same course.

Independence Hall, which was bought by the city of Philadelphia from the state for a large sum, and on which $200,000 has been spent for restoration, is visited by a million people a year.

Congress now has seven Smiths, three in the senate and four in the house. The states contributing the seven Smiths are Michigan, which gives two; Maryland, Texas, Iowa, California and South Carolina.

Mrs. Nancy M. Johnson, of Washington, was the first person to take out a patent for an ice creamer freezer. She was the wife of a naval officer. She took out the patents in 1843 and sold the rights for $41,500.

Vessels of the German navy have been equipped with a novel life-saving apparatus resembling a huge basket with its sides made of rope ladders. Lowered over the side, several persons can climb into it at the same time.

In the last 11 years, according to officially reported returns, the city of Leeds, England, has earned a profit of $5,935,000 from its municipally owned tramways, water works, gas works and electric light plant.

In a new watch for the blind the figures are replaced by knobs, each of which sinks during the hour which it represents. The minute hand is in the usual form, but heavier, to withstand the pressure of fingers feeling for it.

Max O'Rell was once staying with a friend at Edinburgh. Starting for a walk on Sunday, he took up his walking stick. "Do you mind taking an umbrella?" asked his conscientious Scotch host. "It looks more respectable."

The town of Vallecas, in Spain, is almost entirely built of meerschaum. Vallecas has on its outskirts great quarries of a meerschaum too coarse for pipemaking, and a meerschaum-built town is the result—an ivory-white town that shines in the Spanish sun.

A chance seedling that grew up on a farm near Lowell, Mass., about 1740 became the first Baldwin apple tree, but it was not until 1784 that Colonel Baldwin became interested in the apple, developed it and gave it his name. The original tree lived till after 1817, and the place where it grew is now marked by a monument. The Baldwin is the only apple thus honored.

The Lancet has been making an analysis of London snow on a weekday and on Sunday. The Sunday snow showed roughly a fifth of the amount of impurities present in the weekday snow. But the most significant difference was that while the weekday snow contained as much as 3.36 grains of sulphuric acid in ten pounds, the Sunday snow contained practically none.

Because of complaints from residents of Chicago of the quality of the gas sold for illuminating purposes, the city council has appropriated $10,300 for the enforcement of the new ordinance requiring daily tests of the quality and pressure of gas supplied to consumers. This sum includes an annual salary of $2,500 for one chief gas tester and salaries of $1,200 for two assistant gas testers.

Chicago's council finance committee has discovered that the way to economize is to economize. It recently ordered the abandonment and sale of all city automobiles except those used by the chiefs of the fire and police departments and their assistants. Now, when other officials who have been used to motorcars find one absolutely necessary, it will be hired. It is figured that the tidy little sum of $30,000 will be saved by the change.

A Bible school, called the Lincoln Centennial Bible University, to be incorporated under the laws of Massachusetts, with the privilege of holding $500,000 in property, where men of all nationalities and creeds and every social standing may become students, is the aim of J. Wyth Coolidge, reformer and philanthropist of Cambridge, Mass. At this "university" the Bible will be the only book to be studied, with Bible diction

TOLEDO BLADE PATTERNS

From the latest Paris and New York Styles.

These designs are practical and adapted to the home dressmaker. Full directions how to cut and how to make the garments will be sent with each pattern.

The patterns will be mailed to any address at only 10 cents each. Inclose 10 cents in silver for each pattern ordered.

Be sure to give both the number and the name of the pattern and the bust measure also.

Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

2849—Ladies' Tucked Shirt Waist, with Dutch and Standing Collars. A simple style for a shirt waist of Persian or Victoria lawn, Italian linen, madras, batiste, nainsook or China silk. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

2420—Ladies' Dressing Sack, with three-quarter length sleeves. Challis, cretonne, plain or figured silk or lawn all develop prettily in this neat model. 4 sizes—32, 36, 40 and 44.

2855—Ladies' Cutaway Coat, in 41-inch length at back. The model here illustrated was developed in Panama cloth although it is adaptable to linen, duck, Indian-head cotton, khaki or serge. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

2487—Ladies' Shirtwaist in Gibson style and with long or three-quarter sleeves. Cross-barred lawn, dotted Swiss, linen, or China silk are all adaptable to this simple model. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

2850—Girls' Semi-Fitting Coat, in seven-eighths length. A very neat model for any of the light checked, striped or mixed spring materials. It will also develop well in heavy linen or duck. 4 sizes—6 to 12 years.

2838—Girls' One-Piece Dress, with Elbow Sleeves. Chambray, linen, any of the striped or checked ginghams, Indian-head cotton or percale make up well in this little every-day frock. 6 sizes—4 to 14 years.

2558—Child's Dress, with lay-down or standing collar. An excellent little model for morning or knockabout wear developed in any of the checked or figured ginghams, percale or chambray. 4 sizes—½ to 5 years.

2397—Boys' Shirt Waist, with separate turn-down collar. Figured percale, chambray, linen or gingham are all adaptable to this model. 7 sizes—8 to 15 years.

2195—Ladies' Work Apron. The model here illustrated was developed in blue and white checked gingham, though it is adaptable to linen, duck or percale. 4 sizes—32, 36, 40 and 44.

2868—Misses' Dress, with high waistline. Pale-blue linen was used in the development of this dainty little frock, the yoke being of all-over embroidery, the yoke-band and lower edge of the skirt being trimmed with narrow cotton soutache braid in Greek key design. This is also a pretty style for mercerized poplin or any of the new spring materials. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

2853—Ladies' Tucked Shirt Waist, with shoulder yoke. An excellent model for chambray, linen, Indian-head cotton, cotton voile, Persian lawn, nainsook or batiste. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

2181—Ladies' Tucked Shirt Waist, closed at left side of front. Plaid taffetas, shepherd's plaid or any of the pretty new checked or striped materials develop well in this charming model. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

2844—Boys' Russian Suit, consisting of a blouse, closing at right side of front, and knicker-bockers. Natural colored linen, khaki, duck or flannel are excellent materials for this neat model. 4 sizes—2 to 5 years.

2846—Child's Dress, closing at left side of front. This is a pretty little model for chambray, linen or gingham for every-day wear, while any of the sheer white materials, are pretty for best wear. 4 sizes—1 to 7 years.

2872—Misses' Nine-Gored Skirt. A very good model for the separate skirt and will develop well in almost any material. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

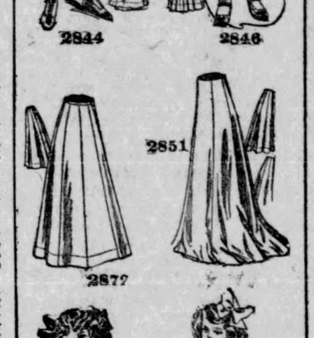
2851—Ladies' Seven-Gored High Waistline Skirt, in sweep or round length and with an inverted box-plait at back or in habit style. A very simple though stylish model for any of the spring or summer materials. 6 sizes—22 to 32.

2860—Child's Dress. This pretty little frock is adaptable to batiste, Persian lawn, organdie, China silk, cotton voile, challis or any of the pretty lightweight materials. 4 sizes—½ to 3 years.

2874—Girls' One-Piece Apron. This serviceable little garment is a good one for chambray, linen, gingham, percale, Persian or Victoria lawn, denim, Indian-head cotton or duck. 6 sizes—4 to 14 years.

2875—Ladies' Semi-Fitting Dress, with Guimpe. The model here illustrated was developed in tan foulard satin, the guimpe being of cream-colored tuck net though it is adaptable to any of the spring or summer materials. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

2629—Ladies' Princess Combination Corset Cover and Open Drawers. A very dainty under garment for any of the sheer white materials. 8 sizes—32 to 46.



DRAG CASTRO ABOARD

French Police Take Invalid From Bed and Tote Him on Mattress to the Pier.

Fort De France, Martinique, April 12.—Prior to being taken aboard the steamer Versailles for deportation to France, ex-President Castro prepared a written protest against the action of the French government, which has been submitted to the authorities here.

The removal of the former president of Venezuela from the hotel to the steamer was not without its pitiful aspect. Immediately on the announcement by the medical commission, who made a lengthy physical examination of Castro, that he was quite capable of making the voyage, the commissary of police, with an escort of gendarmes, invaded the hotel and proceeded to his chamber. He found the ex-president lying in bed, and, although he still protested that he could not move, they carried him downstairs on a mattress, the patient all the while moaning dismally, and placed him on a stretcher.

Officers from the United States cruiser North Carolina, in civilian dress, helped to make him as comfortable as possible, and then the stretcher was picked up by four negroes and taken to the steamer dock. Gendarmes guarded it on either side and a crowd of persons, numbering fully 2,000, followed the procession through the streets. The entrance to the French line piers was guarded by police, and no one was permitted to enter, except those who were directly connected with the transference of the ex-president.

Some difficulty was experienced in hoisting the litter aboard, and for a moment Castro was in peril of falling out. The stretcher was set down in one of the cabins, and Castro at once declared that the room was too small and demanded that he be transferred to another cabin. He was promised that a change would be made during the course of the voyage. In saying farewell to his brother, he waved his hand and exclaimed: "Good-bye, for the moment."

The Versailles immediately slipped her cables and started on the voyage.

JUMBO, RUNNING AMUCK IN CITY, KILLS KEEPER.

Des Moines, Ia., April 9.—"Tom," an elephant in the winter quarters of the Yankee Robinson circus, ran amuck last night and, seizing his keeper, Charles Bellew, hurled him high into the air, then trampled him to death. The excited beast then ran through the animal park, uprooted small trees, destroyed three circus wagon and demolished a bridge across a lagoon. Forty bullets were shot into the elephant before he was subdued.

HOUSE PASSES BILL

Now the Senate Takes Its Turn Threshing Out Debatable Taxation Schedules.

Washington, April 10.—The Payne tariff bill was last night passed in the house by a vote of 217 to 161.

Now it is the senate's turn and early next week this draft of a tariff bill, prepared in the committee on finance, will be placed before the upper branch.

With the exception of the concessions forced from the ways and means committee during the last few years, the measure is practically the same as the one submitted to the house for consideration. The vote kept lumber from the free list and prevented the imposition of a duty on hides.

By a committee amendment, which forestalled the efforts of the insurgents, all duty was taken from petroleum. Even the 1 per cent ad valorem tariff, which was agreed upon by the committee of the whole, was removed.

Barley was raised from fifteen to twenty-four cents, and barley malt from twenty-five to forty cents, according to the provisions of a committee amendment.

No Tea and Coffee Duties.

Among the other important amendments after the bill came from the committee were those striking out the provision for a duty on tea and the countervailing duty proviso on coffee. The elimination of the minimum duty of twenty per cent on coffee, contained in the maximum and minimum section of the bill, was also significant. To the free list were added evergreen seedlings, cloves, and nut oil, which is used in making varnish. The patent law provision intended to retaliate for the new British patent law was stricken out on account of an international convention.

The so-called "joker" in the cotton cloth schedule which it was claimed would increase the duty of the Dingley bill several hundred per cent was corrected, the proviso for the method of counting threads in the cloth being made the same as in the present law.

The section restricting the contents of packages of tobacco was amended to conform with the present law in order that union labels may not be excluded from such packages. The drawback section was added so that it could not be taken advantage of for the purpose of speculating in grain, and the Philippine free trade provision was amended so that rice will not be admitted free from the islands. The countervailing duty clause on lumber was stricken out, but a strong effort to place lumber on the free list did not succeed.

Tax Gloves and Stockings.

Hides, hosiery and gloves were left as reported by the committee, hides remaining free and an increased duty being presented for gloves and stockings.

The duties on barley, barley malt, charcoal iron, pineapples in crates, saccharine, medicated cotton and cotton collars and cuffs, as originally in the bill, were increased. To retaliate against Turkey, which country prohibits the importation of American filler tobacco, a proviso was included in the tobacco schedule increasing the duty on filler tobacco from any country which prohibits the importation of the American tobacco.

The internal revenue law was also amended so that raisers of tobacco will not have to pay a manufacturer's license in order to dispose of their leaf tobacco. There were several technical changes in the steel schedule, principally downward, and lace curtains and netting machines were included in the proviso which permits the entry free of duty of lace machinery prior to May 1, 1910.

One Republican Voted No.

Only one Republican, Austin, of Tennessee, voted against the measure in its completely amended form. Austin was one of the forty-five who stood with Speaker Cannon for a petroleum tariff.

The four Democrats who voted for the Payne bill as a whole were Broussard, Pujo, Estopinal and Wickliffe, all from Louisiana.

Only one Republican from Ohio stood with Howland for free lumber. His ally was Joyce, the new congressman from the Fifteenth district. In all, fifty-seven Republicans voted for free lumber. All the Democrats from Ohio were for the free lumber clause.

DIPLOMAT AS PRISONER

Soldiers Posted at Doors of American Legation in Capital of Nicaragua.

Washington, April 12.—That the diplomatic representative of the United states in Nicaragua has been subjected to deliberate indignities is the news brought to the state department in correspondence from reliable persons.

For some time relations with the little Central American republic have been strained and the latest news makes it probable that the state department will take some decisive step in the near future.

In the letters from Managua the correspondents say that Mr. Gregory was watched by spies day and night, and that soldiers were at every entrance of his residence at the American legation. Whenever he left the legation he was shadowed, the minions of the Nicaraguan dictator being none too polite in their surveilance, and on many occasions minor officials of the Zelaya government openly insulted the young Louisianian.

The dispatches of the American diplomat were both interrupted and confiscated, and on several occasions, it is said, he was refused admittance to the dictator's palace when summoned to look after the interests of the Americans of the country. It is said that this is only a part of the policy of Zelaya to drive Americans out of the country, and that every occasion is taken to impress them with their unwelcomeness.

NOW TO FIGHT TAFT

Bailey Promises War if the President Tries to "Coerce" the Lawmakers.

Washington, April 10.—Asserting that he had heard it reported that Mr. Taft would veto the pending census bill if it did not provide for placing the appointments of census employes under the civil service commission, Senator Bailey, in a speech on the bill in the senate today, declared that if the President "had thus early in his administration undertaken to coerce congress, he would find that the experience of the last seven years was a holiday compared with what the next four years would be."

Senator Lodge made a spirited reply to the Texas senator. Among other things Mr. Bailey said:

"I am one of the men who sincerely hope that the President of the United States will distinguish himself in his great office. I hope that his administration will be an unmixed blessing to all the people, but I do not hesitate to say that no man ever had a less desirable preparation for it than the present occupant of that high office.

"He went from the bench, where the tendency is toward a certain kind of tyranny. There is scarcely a federal judge in the United States of twenty years 'service who has not become arbitrary, irritable and sometimes tyrannical. I do not mean that this experience would corrupt him in the sense of making him venal, but it tends to corrupt him in the sense that it teaches him to oppose his will against all obstacle."

ELECTRIFY N. HAVEN

Proposed Change Calls for Expenditure of $15,000,000.

New Haven, Conn., April 9.—It is understood that at the meeting of the New York, New Haven & Hartford railroad directors today, preliminary plans will be considered for the electrification of the New York division between Stamford and New Haven. The electrification when carried out, will be complete, and in addition steam locomotives to and from the Naugatuck valley also will use the section between Naugatuck Junction and Bridgeport, but it is likely to be delayed for some time until the finances of the company fully justify it. It will apply to freight as well as to passenger traffic.

It is stated authoritatively that the present power station at Cos Cob is so situated as to handle the traffic, but would require an enlargement of the plant.

The estimates for the proposed electrification, it is said, call for an expenditure of approximately $15,000,000.

BURNED AND ITCHED

Eczema on Hand, Arms, Legs and Face—It Was Something Terrible.

COMPLETE CURE BY CUTICURA

"About fifteen or eighteen years ago eczema developed on top of my hand. It burned and itched so much that I was compelled to show it to a doctor. He pronounced it ringworm. After trying his different remedies the disease increased and went up my arms and to my legs and finally on my face. The burning was something terrible. I went to another doctor who had the reputation of being the best in town. He told me it was eczema. His medicine checked the advance of the disease, but no further. I finally concluded to try the Cuticura Remedies and found relief in the first trial. I continued until I was completely free from the disease and I have not been troubled since. C. Burkhart, 236 W. Market St., Chambersburg, Pa., Sept. 19, 1908."

Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

SENATE TAXES LUXURIES

Many Changes Are Made in the Tariff Bill by Committee on Finance.

Washington, April 12.—The metal, agricultural, gloves and hosiery schedules of the Payne tariff bill are the most important provisions of the measure which are affected by the changes made by the senate finance committee, which today made public the amendments upon which it has reached a decision. Senator Aldrich reported the bill as amended to the senate when it met at 12 o'clock.

Leaving the question of free hides and free coal in an unsettled state, the committee has made many changes in the free list, most of which restore to the non-dutiable list the articles upon which the house committee placed a duty. On the other hand, several articles, of which iron ore is the most important, have been restored to the dutiable list:

25 Cents Per Ton on Iron.

A duty of 25 cents per ton, a reduction of 15 cents from the Dingley rates, has been fixed for iron ore and the duty on basic slag, which also was on the free list as the bill was passed by the house, is made $1 a ton. This reference to basic slag is an error in the bill, as it was intended to place basic slag on the free list, yhich has been done in the provision regarding fertilizers. The reference to basic slag in connection with the iron ore will be stricken out, probably by resolution.

The differential of $2 per ton between pig iron and scrap iron, regarding which there was considerable controversy in the house, has been eliminated and the duty on both pig and scrap is retained at $2.50 per ton, a reduction of $1.50 from the Dingley rates. The finance committee has, on the whole, concurred with the policy with a regard to the iron and steel schedule, which it adopted in amending the Dingley bill in 1897, namely, slightly reducing the rates on the various iron and steel products.

The bar iron duty has been reduced one-tenth of one cent per pound, and the paragraph has been extended to include muck bars. A reduction of $2 per ton has been made in the duty on charcoal irin. The Payne bill, as reported to the house, first placed a duty of $6 per ton on this type of iron, but the house adopted an amendment, which increased the duty to $10 per ton, which has been reduced to $8 by the senate committee. An increase of one-tenth of one cent per pound has been made in the duty on structural iron, but its application is limited to structural shapes not assembled or manufactured, or advanced beyond hammering, rolling, or casting. The duty of three-tenths of a cent per pound which was placed by the ways and means committee on structural iron, was made to apply to structural shapes, whether plain or punched, or fitted for use.

Change in Steel Schedule.

The provision for a duty on untempered steel bands and tempered bands respectively has been cut out. Iron and steel plates with layers of other metal imposed by forging or welding, have a duty of forty per cent ad valorem imposed upon them, insteam of the 45 per cent duty in the bill as it passed the house. Sheets of iron or steel, polished, have a reduction of ¼ c per pound made in the duty. Several slight changes are made in the provision for steel not specially provided for.

A specific rate of 11 cents per pound has been placed on steel, wool, and the paragraph covering diamond steel has been stricken out. The paragraph defining terms iron plates, steel plates, plate iron and plate steel has also been eliminated. Slight reductions have been made in nearly all the duties contained in the wire schedule. The general provisions covering the iron and steel schedule, which specify the classification and rules for collecting the duties on iron and steel products have been stricken out, and other provisions, having practically the same effect, but reading differently, have been substituted.

The duty on steel rails was left at $3.92 per ton, as fixed by the house bill, but it is stated that this may be slightly increased when the metal schedules are taken up on the floor.

Won't Tax Necessities.

The senate has returned cocoa to the free list, believing that an article of such general consumption, both as a beverage and in al forms of chocolate, should no more be made dutiable than tea or coffee. The committee felt that if it was necessary to increase revenue it could be done better on luxuries than on the every day necessities of life, and have pursued this policy in the construction of this bill.

The senate committee has applied the same principle to spices, and has restored them to the free list, where they have always been. The committee has increased the duty on spirits and wine 15 per cent throughout, which, it is estimated, will yield an additional revenue of $3,000,000, most of which will come from the increased duty on champagne.

In the cotton schedule there has been an extension of the specific rates to cover a class of fancy goods and novelties which are covered in the existing law by ad valorem rates. The resulting ad valorem rates have not been increased.

Lower Rates on Gloves.

It would be impossible in a brief statement to review all the articles under the heading of sundries. The changes from the house bill in the main are of such minor importance as not to require a detailed statement. It may be well, however, to call attention to the fact that the senate committee has made reductions of 15 per cent in the specfic duties on hats and bonnets, which the house has raised in some instances above the Dingley rates. The senate committee has also struck out the house paragraph in regard to gloves and has restored the rates in the existing law.

The senate committee has also added to the sundries of the dutiable list foreign-built yachts owned by American citizens, which seemed to the committee a luxury which might fairly pay a duty of 35 per cent. The free list, as reported by the senate committee, in the main, remains as it is in the existing law. A few items have been put on the dutiable list and others have been taken from the dutiable list and placed upon the free lits. There is one change, however, in the free list which is of great general interest, and that is the provision in regard to free art. The house very wisely made paintings and sculptures more than twenty years old free, and the senate committee had added to these works of arts generally, including artistics antiquities more than a hundred years old.

The senate committee has taken no action as yet upon the maximum and minimum provisions or the administrative sections of the bill. They propose to report their amendments to those most important features of the act at a later date. They have adopted this course because it has seemed to the senate committee of the highest importance to secure immediate action upon the tariff and they felt confident that time could be saved by reporting the section imposing duties first and the maximum, minimum and administrative features later.

TWINS FATAL TO TWO

Grandmother Drops Dead and Father Kills Self.

Pittsburg, April 9.—The announcement that he was the father of twins was too much for William Hedringer, aged 55 years, a farmer, who lived near Bouquet in Westmoreland county, which adjoins this county. It was also too much for Mrs. Hedringer's mother, and all because of the arrival of the twins both Hedringer and his mother-in-law are dead.

The twins arrived last Tuesday. Mrs. Martha Smith, the mother of Mrs. Hedringer, was present. She was extremely happy when the first of the babies, a bouncing boy, arrived. When the nurse told her that there was also a girl, Mrs. Smith became greatly excited. Within an hour she was dead, heart disease, brought on by the excitement being the cause. When Mr. Hedringer heard of the arrival of the twins, he, too, became greatly excited. With a large family already, he bemoaned the arrival of two additional members. When he learned that the news had caused the death of his mother-in-law, Hedringer went to the barn and shot himself, dying instantly. Mrs. Hedringer is in a critical condition.

SANDS FULL OF GOLD

Rich Placer Fields Found in Mexico.

Mexico City, April 9.—Word reached this city yesterday of the discovery of the richest placed gold fields ever found in Mexico. They are located in the state of Oaxaca, forty-five miles from Sierra Blanchia, on the Vera Cruz & Pacific railway. This discovery was made by accident by I. B. Incle. The sands have been analyzed at the State University of Kansas and declared the richest ever sent there. The fields extend over 22.00 acres.

Blood Poison Cure Guaranteed

"Obbac System" Produces Startling Quick Results. No Mercury or Other Poisonous Mineral Medicines Used.

Be Cured Quick, or Pay Us No Money.

The Obbac System Drives Out Every Particle of Blood Poison in the Human Body—Or No Pay for Us.

No man or woman with blood-poison need worry one moment longer. No matter how chronic or serious your case may be, or how many kinds of treatment you may have taken without result, you may feel positively certain that every particle of blood poison may be driven from your system quickly and absolutely by the remarkable Obbac System, or it does not cost you a cent.

This treatment is remarkable because entirely vegetable. It contains positively no mercury or other poisonous, brain-killing, tissue-destroying mineral acids which are as bad, if not worse, in their effects on the system, than the disease itself.

Patients who began taking this treatment last week already feel and see a change in themselves.

Patients who have taken the wonderful Obbac System for only two or three weeks report that their friends already see and comment on their quick improvement. Those who have taken the full course prove they are cured absolutely by the Wasserman Test, which is the most rigid, scientific test for this purpose known to medical science. Remember we guarantee a complete cure or no pay.

Sores, ulcers and other blood poison symptoms rapidly disappear. Every particle of the terrible virus of blood poison is driven out of the blood, the glands, the muscles, in fact every nook and corner of the system.

Whether man or woman, you can be positively and quickly cured by Obbac Treatment and be in as good condition after treatment as though you never had blood poison in your life. This cannot be so if you take mercury or other mineral poisons commonly used.

So effective and positive are the results of Obbac System that we give you an iron-clad guarantee in writing to cure you or you pay no money. Call or write today. Let us tell you about it. We take the risk, you get the cure or it costs you nothing—could anything be fairer. We tell you in simple words how this Obbac Treatment positively cures in our book "The Truth About It." It is a remarkable book and you ought to read it. It is free. Send your name and address today to the Obbac Co., 137 Rector Bldg., Chicago, Ill., for this free book and proof of cures, and know how to cure yourself right quick in the privacy of your own home and without using poisonous mineral drugs.

We want to send you a trial order of HAYNER BOTTLED-IN-BOND WHISKEY at our risk—on our guarantee it will please you—or it will not cost you one cent—

We want to prove to you what a rich, pure and delicious whiskey this is.

We want to convince you of the extraordinary saving our DIRECT FROM DISTILLERY plan of selling means to you.

HERE'S OUR OFFER—WE WILL SEND YOU

4 Full Quart Bottles of Hayner Private Stock Bottled-in-Bond Whiskey—Express Prepaid—for **$3.20**

Goods shipped in plain sealed case—no marks to indicate contents.

When it arrives—**try it**—every bottle if you like. Then, if you don't find it all we claim—one of the most exquisite whiskies you ever tasted and equal to any you could buy in your city for $5—send it back at our expense and your $3.20 will be returned by first mail.

THINK OF IT—THIS IS AT THE RATE OF ONLY 80 CENTS A QUART FOR THIS HIGHEST GRADE BOTTLED IN BOND WHISKEY.

—a whiskey that is distilled, aged and bottled under U. S. Government supervision—every bottle sealed with the Government's BOTTLED-IN-BOND STAMP—positive assurance that it is a STRAIGHT whiskey—fully aged, full 100 per cent proof and full measure—absolutely PURE to the last drop.

TRY it—That's all we ask. The expense is all ours if it fails to please you. Send us your order TO-DAY and be sure to address our nearest Shipping Depot.

Orders for Ariz., Cal., Colo., Idaho, Mont., Nev., N. Mex., Ore., Utah, Wash. or Wyo. must be on the basis of 4 Quarts for $4.00 by Express Prepaid or 20 Quarts for $15.20 by Freight Prepaid.

THE HAYNER DISTILLING COMPANY, Div. 170

Dayton, Ohio. St. Louis, Mo. St. Paul, Minn. Chattanooga, Tenn.

194 Distillery at Troy, Ohio. Established 1866. Capital, $500,000 Fully Paid.

ASTHMA AND CATARRH CURED TO STAY CURED

No relapse. No return of symptoms. Whetzel system of treatment approved by medical authorities as the only system known to permanently cure the disease. **FREE TEST TREATMENT** including medicines, prepared for anyone giving a full description of the case and sending names of 3 asthma sufferers. Address *FRANK WHETZEL, M.D.* Dept. S, American Express Building, Chicago.

OLD SORES CURED

Allen's Ulcerine Salve cures Chronic Ulcers, Bone Ulcers, Scrofulous Ulcers, Varicose Ulcers, Indolent Ulcers, Mercurial Ulcers, White Swelling, Milk Leg, Fever Sores, all old sores. Positively no failure. By mail 50c. J. F. ALLEN, Dept. 89 St. Paul, Minn.

FITS I wish every person in the U. S. suffering with FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS to send for one of my large-sized 16-ounce bottles **FREE**. *DR. F. E. GRANT,* Dept. 263 Kansas City, Mo.

LADIES $1000 Reward! I positively guarantee my dress. Successful "MONTHLY" Remedy. Safely relieves some of the longest, most obstinate, abnormal cases in 3 to 5 days. No harm, pain or interference with work. MAIL $1.50. Double Strength $2.00. DR. B. D. SOUTHINGTON CO., KANSAS CITY, MO.

Flower Post Cards and our large Bargain list all for 10 cents. Beautiful rich colored Roses, Pansies, Apple Blossoms, Daisies, Chrysanthemums, Forget-me-nots, Violets, etc. 25 FOR 10c. F. HERMAN & CO., Dept. 95, Carton Bldg., CHICAGO.

MARRY BEST PLAN ON EARTH, sent FREE. PHOTOS OF EVERY LADY MEMBER. THE PILOT, Dept. 38 Marshall, Mich.

MARRY Catalogue, with hundreds of photos and descriptions FREE. Pay if suited. SELECT CLUB, Dept. 46, TEKONSHA, MICH.

MARRY RICH Big List of Descriptions and Photos Free (Sealed) Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

AGENTS PORTRAITS 85c, FRAMES 15c, sheet pictures 1c, stereoscopes 25c, views 1c. 30 days credit. Samples & Catalog Free. Consolidated Portrait Co., 230-11 W. Adams St., Chicago.

A Message to MEN Given by Mexican Balm

Manly Vigor or no pay. Brings development, health and vitality. Quick results guaranteed or money refunded. Strong, but harmless. Large box $1.00. Generous sample sealed, 10 cents. Wentworth Co., Dept. N, 116 Nassau Street, New York.

HYPNOTISM

Easily learned at home, by mail. Small cost. Success guaranteed. No fake. Particulars free. C. Wm. Russell, M. A., Westchester, N. Y.

COME TO KING'S COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, and do better. Good land, water plenty, sure crops, corn, cattle, hogs, dairying, alfalfa, raisin grapes, peaches. Send for booklet and local newspapers FREE. Learn the truth. Address CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, Dept. T, Hanford, Calif.

YOUR NAME, date of birth; will give you an occult, psychic test for 10c; full reading $1. M'm. Montez, P. O. Box 877, Toledo, O.

WOMAN Listen: A secret every married woman should know; particulars for 2c stamp. Secret Formula Co., Fountaintown, Ind.

WANTED—Railway mail clerks. Salary $800 first year. Examinations everywhere May 15th. Preparation free. Franklin Institute Dept. B 40, Rochester, N. Y.

SELL Tobacco and Cigars locally or traveling. Salary or commission. Full time or side line. Good pay; promotion; experience unnecessary. Address Morotock Tobacco Works, Box X-34, Danville, Va.

$36 A WEEK and expenses to men with rig to introduce poultry and stock powders. Grant Co., Dept. 123, Springfield, Ill.

We can sell your property. Send description. Northwestern Business Agency, Minneapolis, Minn.

MILLIONS FOR GEMS

Sure Sign of Prosperity in Maiden Lane.

New York, April 10.—Precious stones valued at more than $3,350,000 were imported during March by Maiden Lane dealers, according to a wholesalers' report. This amount is an increase of 800 per cent over the March importations last year.

The activity in the market is attributed by the importers to the return of prosperous conditions throughout the country. Maiden Lane dealers handle more than 90 per cent of all the diamonds brought into the United States.

PLANS ANOTHER TOUR

Aged Salvation Army Leader Coming to America.

New York, April 12.—At the celebration of the eightieth anniversary of the birth of General William Booth, which began today, it was announced by Commissioner Thomas Estill, of Chicago, that the founder of the Salvation Army is planning another trip throughout the United States and Canada next fall.

$33.50 AND UP Only Galloway

"BATH IN OIL"

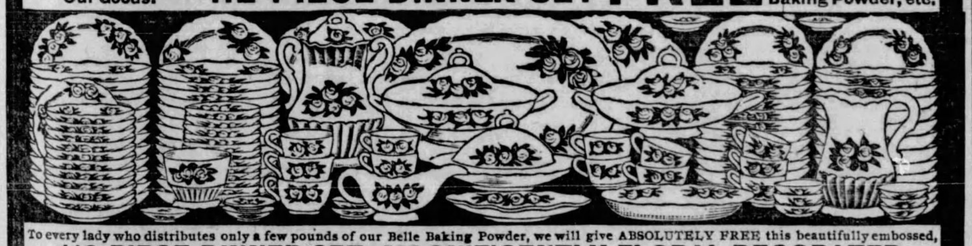
High Grade Separator—Direct

Save $25 to $50 direct at my factory price—freight prepaid. Get the only Separator that runs in "Bath of Oil." Like a $5,000 automobile. This alone is worth $50 extra, but costs you nothing extra. Take

90 Days' Farm Test—Freight Prepaid

Why pay $85 to $110 to dealers or agents who cannot sell you a separator equal to the Galloway—closest skimmer—easiest run—easiest cleaned—10-yr. guarantee. Send for BOOK FREE WM. GALLOWAY CO., 1675 Galloway Sta., Waterloo, Ia.

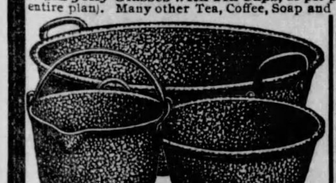
YOU NEED NO MONEY. We Trust You with Our Goods. MAGNIFICENTLY DECORATED 112-PIECE DINNER SET FREE WE PREPAY FREIGHT On Premiums, Baking Powder, etc.



To every lady who distributes only a few pounds of our Belle Baking Powder, we will give ABSOLUTELY FREE this beautifully embossed,

112-PIECE DINNER SET—MAGNIFICENTLY FLORAL DECORATED

and full size for family use. *With each pound Baking Powder, you may give either Six Full Size Crystal White Glass Tumblers or Six Jelly Glasses with Tin Caps,* as per plan 161, (the glasses alone are worth almost as much as the price of the entire plan). Many other Tea, Coffee, Soap and Grocery offers equally as cheap in price. If preferred, you can have choice of hundreds of other useful premiums, such as *Toilet Sets, Furniture, Lace Curtain Sets, Granitewares, Lamps, Etc.,* or we WILL PAY YOU A LARGE CASH COMMISSION for your work. Best of all, **NO MONEY IS NEEDED.**



Special FREE Present

We give a Granite Kitchen Set or 10-Piece Toilet Set, *free* of all cost or work of any kind. Simply send us your name and ask for this Free Present.

WE PREPAY FREIGHT on everything to your nearest Railroad Station, allowing plenty of time to examine and deliver before paying us. *Write at once for our FREE SAMPLE OUTFIT* and other things. If after receiving them, you decide not to get up an order, you may keep everything we send you FREE of charge for the trouble in answering this advertisement. WE ALSO GIVE ELEGANT PRESENTS FOR APPOINTING ONE OR MORE AGENTS TO WORK FOR US. Remember, the Special Premium and Sample Outfit are both absolutely free. Write today.

THE PURE FOOD CO. 949 W. Pearl St., CINCINNATI, O.

LEADER OF REDS ALIEN

Emma Goldman Is Deprived of Her Citizenship Rights.

Buffalo, April 9.—Emma Goldman, a recognized leader of anarchists, who gave the police of the entire country much anxiety immediately after the assassination of President McKinley in this city in 1901, and who, it was charged, exerted an evil influence over Leon Czolgosz, either consciously or unconsciously, is an alien.

Her status in this country became definitely established when Judge Hazel, in the United States court yesterday, canceled the naturalization papers of Jacob A. Kershner, of Rochester, to whom Emma Goldman was married in 1887. There was no defense offered at the proceedings.

Although a foreigner herself, by virtue of her marriage to the naturalized Kershner, she became clothed with the rights of citizenship. During the last few years when the possibility of the government deporting the fiery feminine leader of the "reds" was frequently rumored, she has declared that she was a citizen with full rights under the Stars and Stripes. This claim is no longer substantial.

IS NAMED FOR ROOT

Fund of $200,000 Is Given by Carnegie.

Utica, N. Y., April 9.—President M. W. Stryker, of Hamilton college, made an announcement in the chapel today that Andrew Carnegie had just notified him that he had given $200,000 to the college, which fund will be known as the Elihu Root peace fund, in recognition of the services of Senator Root for international peace.

Senator Root is a graduate of Hamilton, a member of the board of trustees, and his permanent home is within the shadow of the college buildings.

The donation from Mr. Carnegie makes sure another gift of $50,000 which was offered to the college if it could raise a certain sum by July 1.

The benefactions will place Hamilton college on such a foundation as its supporters have long wished for, and it means among other things better salaries for the faculty.

OLD STATUE FOR U. S.

Bavarian Regent to Enrich Harvard Museum.

Munich, April 10.—The Prince Regent of Bavaria has decided to present to the Germanic museum of Harvard university a cast of the oldest equestrian statue by a German sculptor, that of Emperor Conrad III. It dates from the thirteenth century and is at present in the Bamberg cathredal.

Prof. Kuno Francke, of Harvard, who is spending a vacation here, has been informed that the Swiss government intends to send to the museum a reproduction of one of the most important monuments of Burgundian art, a group of statues on the tomb of Lasarraz, near Neuchatel.

HELP BY SIX CITIES

Two Thousand Mill Hands Are Made Homeless by Manchester Fire.

Manchester, N. H., April 8.—The tenement house district of the southern section of the city, covering an area of nearly a square mile and occupied mainly by foreigners employed in the cotton mills and shoe factories, was swept today by one of the most disastrous fires that ever threatened this city.

Within two hours fifty buildings had been destroyed or damaged in the area from Elm street eastward to Beach street and from Auburn street north to Cedar.

A gale was blowing and very soon after outbreak help was called from the nearby cities of Concord, Nashua, Lowell, Portsmouth Dover and Rochester. With the aid of the firemen thus summoned the conflagration was under control at 1 o'clock.

The loss is estimated at $100,000. Fully 2,000 persons were rendered homeless.

DEATH HALTS FIGHT

Contest Over Millions Takes New Angle.

Reading, Pa., April 12.—The fight for the millions of the late John George Spang, who was one of the wealthiest men in Germany, has been halted by the death here today of Josiah L. Kalbach, who was one of the oldest direct descendants of Spang.

The latter left a vast estate consisting of valuable land and buildings. The famous Spang castle at Hamburg, Germany, now occupied by Baron von Kugthansen, is claimed to belong to the estate, which is valued at $120,000,000.

Mr. Kalbach, who was 74 years old, obtained possession of certain valuable papers, which he always declared would some day bring back the property into the hands of those to whom it belonged.

SICK DOCTOR

Proper Food Put Him Right.

The food experience of a physician in his own case when worn and weak from sickness and when needing nourishment the worst way is valuable:

"An attack of grip, so severe it came near making an end of me, left my stomach in such condition I could not retain any ordinary food. I knew of course that I must have food nourishment or I could never recover.

"I began to take four teaspoonfuls of Grape-Nuts and cream three times a day and for 2 weeks this was almost my only food; it tasted so delicious that I enjoyed it immensely and my stomach handled it perfectly from the first mouthful. It was so nourishing I was quickly built back to normal health and strength.

"Grape-Nuts is of great value as food to sustain life during serious attacks in which the stomach is so deranged it cannot digest and assimilate other foods.

"I am convinced that were Grape-Nuts more widely used by physicians, it would save many lives that are otherwise lost from lack of nourishment."

Absolutely the most perfect food in the world. Trial of Grape-Nuts 10 days proves. "There's a Reason."

Look in pkg. for the little book, "The Road to Wellville."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

$50 TO $300 SAVED

We are manufacturers, not merchants. Save dealers, jobbers and catalog house profit. I'll save you from $50 to $300 on my High Grade Standard Gasoline Engines from 2 to 22-H.-P.—Price direct to you lower than dealers or jobbers have to pay for similar engines in carload lots for spot cash.

GALLOWAY

Price and quality speak for themselves and you are

HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

ELIZABETH AYRES, EDITOR

MORNING THOUGHTS

SUNDAY

In the travail of thought may there come only the highest and best good. Where there is division we ask for unity; where there is confusion we ask for serenity; wrere there is discord we ask for harmony.

MONDAY

Laughter is sunshine; it chases winter from the human face.

TUESDAY

The world is full of music if only we have music in our own hearts.

WEDNESDAY

We know not what the day hath in store for us, but we pray Thee to help us have in store for it our better heart, our better hands.

THURSDAY

It is helpful to speak of happiness to those who are sad, that thus at least they may learn what it is that happiness means.

FRIDAY

What seems to grow fairer to me as life goes by is the love and peace and tenderness of it. Not its wit and cleverness and grandeur of knowledge, but just the laughter of little children and the friendship of friends and the cosy talk of the fireside and the sight of flowers and the sound of music.

SATURDAY

If you were toiling up a weary hill,
Bearing a load beyond your strength to bear,
Straining each nerve untiringly and still
Stumbling and losing foothold here and there
And each one passing by would do so much
As give one upward lift and go his way,
Would not the slight reiterated touch
Of help and kindness lighten all the day?

GIVE SIGN OF AFFECTION

ELIZABETH AYRES.

IN OUR daily association with those who are nearest and dearest, it frequently happens that we fall into the habit of letting it be taken for granted how dear they are to us, and we seldom give sign of our affection. They know we love them, we think, and so we forget to tell them so, until some sorrow or disaster stirs us to expression. Sometimes this expression comes too late, and hearts that have hungered for love have grown cold with starvation.

"Nothing is given for nothing in this world; there can be no true love even on your own side, without devotion."

It is with the heart only that hearts may be won and held. Even the hearts that we think belong to us by right of relationship, need the occasional assurance of loving words, looks or actions, to keep them steadfast and tender.

In the home, more than anywhere else, it is essential to hold affection uppermost and not concealed as if it were something to be ashamed of. Love is nothing to be ashamed of. It is a thing to be cultivated and cherished, and a large supply of it kept ready for constant use in the family. The appearance of indifference is dangerous. It builds up walls that are impassable, and brings troubles which might have been avoided if love had been on guard.

It is an unnatural condition when a mother does not love her children, but it is not an entirely unknown condition for mothers to be so driven with anxiety and care that they forget to be loving. Attention to the children's comfort may never be relaxed, but this does not count for much toward making the children happy, if they never hear a loving word or feel the touch of affection.

The helplessness of a baby is very sure to arouse affectionate demonstrations, and a child is often made the most of when it is too young to appreciate what it is receiving. Children that have outgrown infancy need evidence of love as much, and probably more, than babies, though they may pretend, especially boy children, that it is rather annoying.

The pretense of indifference to affection is more prevalent among older persons than it is among children. At the worst, it is only a pretense that may be brushed away by loving treatment. In many cases the indifference is assumed as a shield to protect a heart that has been injured. To be hurt in one's affections is a grievous wound, but it should not make one cowardly and afraid of being hurt again.

To know that we are loved is to be fortified with strength and courage to meet life's battles. It holds us steady and the knowledge that somebody cares has prevented many a one from wrong doing. There are innumerable reasons why we should not be niggardly in showing affection for those who have the right to claim it. Reserve is a very good thing in many respects, but it can be carried too far and it is not a thing to be much practiced in family relations.

When love pervades a home it is a place of peace and rest and happiness, but love cannot spread its influence if it is kept in cold storage and only brought out on special occasions.

In connection with this, a woman said recently: "I had no idea that my brother loved me, until the day I was married, then, for the first time he let me see how dear I was to him. I am a few years younger than my brother, and I don't believe I ever cared much for him until my wedding day, when he showed how much he loved me, and taught me in one lesson to love him in return."

It is easy enough to see the point of this little story. It is with the heart only that hearts may be won.

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO

Look up, lift up. Object: To aid, comfort, encourage and cheer; scattering sunshine along the way.

AROUND THE WORLD

If any of you are looking for a novel way of making money for the church, I wish to suggest A Trip Around the World. We had one on New Year's Eve, and everyone enjoyed it so much. The start was made from the church, where tickets were on sale at 25 cents each. These tickets were about a foot long, with places to be punched at each stopping point. The conveyances were farm wagons, each intended to carry fifteen passengers, but a far larger number crowded in, nearly all standing.

Our first stopping place was at a house which was arranged to represent Ireland. We were welcomed by two Irishmen and an Irishwomen, who carried out her part to perfection. After kissing the "Blarney stone" we were given seats about the room and served with Irish stew, a small piece of bread, a little cabbage slaw, and a glass of water. "They kept the pig in the parlor," too. It was a white pig, made of cotton. The decorations were very nice, mostly green.

It was soon time for us to go, for another load of tourists were arriving. Our Irishwoman came around with a basket of souvenirs tied up in green crepe paper, giving one to each of us, with the request not to open it until we reached home, when we would find something very good. Some of the boys peeped in and whispered that the souvenir was a potato.

Upon leaving here, we boarded our "private car" and soon arrived at Japan. The decorations were simply lovely. Fans and flowers and Japanese lanterns. The rooms we were ushered into by the hostesses, all dressed in Japanese costumes, held not a single chair, but instead there were many cushions and mats upon which we were soon seated. We were served with rice, tea and marguerites.

From Japan we journeyed to Germany. There we were seated at tables and served with sauer kraut, bread, and huge steins of coffee. As we rose to leave the door opened and there entered a motley band of emigrant musicians. There were an Italian with a hand organ, an Irishman with a violin, a Swiss woman with a mouth organ, etc., not forgetting a stately Indian maiden, who moved, tall and silent, among the throng. The decorations here were Dutch girls, windmills and flags.

We left reluctantly and arrived next at Italy, where we were served with soup, jelly and rolls. Long ropes of tissue paper were draped from the ceiling to the corners of the table, and the other rooms were trimmed in a similar manner. A dark-faced Italian boy played the accordion, while near by stood a monkey and a Teddy bear. A peddler was showing his wares, which were "verra cheap." The ladies who served the supper were dressed in all colors of the rainbow, plentifully bedecked with jewels, and with bright kerchiefs on their heads.

From here we were taken to New Orleans, our last stopping place. The door was opened by a colored boy in a white suit, who started us upstairs, where, on the landing, another awaited us, directing us on. We laid aside our wraps, for we were to wait here for all the crowd, when a short program was to be given. Upon going downstairs, we were taken to the dining room and offered "more refreshments!" In this instance, we had gingerbread and coffee. When everyone, including the emigrants, had arrived, the rooms were so crowded the program could not be carried out as planned, so after singing America we wished one another a Happy New Year and returned to our homes, well pleased with our "Trip Around the World."—Otach.

HOME INDUSTRIES

In answer to the request for suggestions telling how women who live in small towns may earn money, I will give what has come under my observation. One lady has earned a nice sum making shawls. The center, 131 stitches square, is knit on wooden needles, double thread, then a deep border crocheted all around and fringe added. At one time she had five orders for Christmas and birthday gifts.

One young lady crochets skirts, baby jackets and bootees, all of which find ready sale. One widow lady said she lived in a small town where there were a good many unmarried men, and she earned a nice sum doing their mending, and washing their fine woolens they did not like to send elsewhere.

In small towns you seldom find a bakery, and a woman who likes to bake can soon get all she can do. I know of one who could sell all the salt-rising bread she could make. Once started in this field it is almost limitless.—Sister Alice.

SPEAKING OF SUCCESS

The earnest wish of every father and mother is to see their children on the road to success in life. To some, success means the accumulation of property, but true success is not to be measured by dollars.

Every happy, helpful life is a successful life. Wealth is essential only so far as it enables us to properly care for those dependent upon us, and to make happier the lives of those whose measure of success is les than our own. The late Russell Sage said that the way to success is to study the lives of those who have been successful. Certainly the story of the manner in which men have attained success through their own endeavors is an incentive to effort, for the chances of success are as good today as ever in the history of the world.

The man, or the woman, either, that is honest and upright in all his dealings with his neighbors, and who tries to elevate and help in finance as well as with kind words, instead of trying to depress and lower people in the estimation of others, is the winner in this life and in the life to come. Punctuality and good conduct are life preservers.—Your Brother Tom.

HOME WHAT YOU MAKE IT

I am a farmer's wife and am the mother of five children. My last two are twins. I enjoy the company of my children and love my mountain home. In less than a day I can visit three counties and not be far from home. I can hear three different church bells every Sabbath morning. My home church is at Fall Branch, a small village. The Morgan falls are near by, with their deep cliffs and rugged rocks, with here and there a tree and pure cold water flowing down the brink. It would make an ideal picture for an artist to paint and is a delightful place for a lover of nature, and I am one. I love my friends and treat them as well as I can, and I always treat my husband and children in the same way, so our home is a pleasant one, even if we are not rich.

Mothers, do you know that home is what you, and you alone, make it? Put a frown on your face and watch the change? Even the little ones will know something is wrong. Then smile and sing a bit of song and the children will sing, too.—Emma Overbey.

INQUIRIES

Will someone please tell me how to remove greasy finger marks from furniture and what is good to take off scratches.—Mrs. A. A. V.

INQUIRIES ANSWERED

As I am a lover of flowers and nearly always have them blooming, I will tell James A. Sackett my way of doing. Take an old dishpan, which has a hole in the bottom, fill it with manure, then set the pan over a dish or something that will not leak. Pour boiling water in it, and let the liquid stand until cool. Then soak the dirt around the plants thoroughly with this liquid once a week. Do this when the weather is warm so they may be kept out doors. If this does not make them bloom, I will give way to someone who knows better.—Mrs. S. M. Gainer.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS

One lesson you will learn if you "take notice," when things get at their worst, they're pretty sure to mend.

Old Subscriber: The flowery postcards are on my desk, where I can enjoy looking at them. Thank you for your thought of me. I think your Portland letter was published some time ago.—Editor.

Aunt Florence: Thank you for your contributions. I shall use your letter soon, and the poem and story later. Come again.—Elizabeth.

Letters for the Cozy Corner have been received from Mrs. Anna C., Aunt Florence, Louise D., and Wild Rose.

There is no sweeter music than the sound of a child's silvery laughter.

LETTERS FROM THE CHILDREN

Will you kindly accept a letter from an Ohio girl? I live on a small farm in Washington county, just a few miles from Lower Salem. I think the state in which we live was properly named when called the Buckeye state, because there are so many buckeyes. Our yard is surrounded and partly covered with large buckeye trees, and in summer they make such lovely shade trees. We have a large lawn swing which we keep under the trees and it is such a cool place to sit and read on the hot summer days.

Our school here is small and it is not graded, nevertheless, we have a fine teacher. I am fifteen years old and I go to school through the week and to Sunday school and church on Sunday. I certainly like to go. I like country life much better than city life in almost every way.

There is a small creek near our home in which there are large fish, some of which are over twenty pounds in weight. We have fine times fishing. I take music lessons on the organ in summer. I have to go five miles to take them as there are no music instructors near here. Sometimes I ride my bicycle when I go to take my lessons and sometimes I drive. The roads are generally fine here in summer and nice for buggy riding. We live only sixteen miles from Marietta. I often visit the Indian mound in that city. It is a lovely place. I only hope this letter will be as interesting to the readers as some of the letters are to me.—The Buckeye Girl.

As I have not seen any letters from New Mexico, I thought I would write one. I live in a beautiful dry country. It is never very cold here, though the wind blows a good deal in the spring. I go to school and study spelling, reading, geography and arithmetic. I am a little boy of eleven years old. I live close to the Caprock mountains. They are small mountains. There are several pretty gravels and rocks. This is prairie land with cactus and bear grass on it. I came from West Virginia to Oklahoma, and from there to this place. I like Oklahoma all right, and I like this place very well. Farming and stock raising are the principal industries.—New Mexico Boy.

I am a little girl ten years old. I go to school and am in the fifth grade. We have twenty little lambs. One of them we have to feed on the bottle some. I call him Peter. I help papa do the chores at night. He calls me Pet. My father takes The Blade. I like to read the Poets' Corner and the letters from the children. I take music lessons and like it and have four pieces. We have a little pup and his name is Rollo. I have tried to drive him. I have five dolls. One of them has lost both of her feet.

I will close with some riddles. Why is a committee of inquiry like a cannon? Answer: It makes a report.

What tree bears the most fruit to market? Answer: Whiffle tree.—Brown-eyed New York Girl.

As we read the children's letters, we saw that twin girls, nine years old, had written, so we thought as we were twin boys, we would write, too. We are thirteen years old and you will wonder if we look alike. We do, only those well acquainted with us can tell us apart. We have always lived with our grandparents. Papa and mamma are with us also, and one brother, eleven years old. We go to school and have for schoolmates, twin girls, a little older than we are. Mamma dresses us just alike. We have dark eyes. We have a little yoke of calves our grandpa gave us. Their names are Tom and Bill. Our grandfather was a soldier in the Civil War. We live in Virginia and hope our letter will be put in print. Wishing you all success.—Floyd and Cloyd.

I am a little boy thirteen years of age. I live in the Empire state on a farm of 168 acres. In the summer time I play baseball and in the winter time I skate and coast down hill. I have four cats named Romulus, Remus, Sobeski and Semiramis. How many little boys and girls know who my cats are named for?—Roy Foster.

CHILDREN OF THE CZAR

A bright, chatty paper on the characters and accomplishments of the four princesses of the Russian imperial court appeared in a recent issue of the Girl's Own Paper, says the April Review of Reviews. It is by Miss Margaret Eagar, who, for some years, was governess to the quartette of grandduchesses. Miss Eagar says that Olga is the most intellectual. When she was four years old she learned English and the multiplication table, before she learned Russian. To teach her the latter language, an aged archbishop was engaged. He came to the governess exclaiming, "The dear child is inspired. I wanted to teach her the multiplication table, and judge my surprise when I found that she knew it already!" The governess explained the natural origin of her proficiency.

When five years old Princess Tatiana had a long illness and was ordered to take beef juice. This she declined to do. She asked who made it. The governess informed her it was the cook, and, learning that it would give the cook great pleasure if she would take the juice he had made, the princess had him sent for. He had to confess that it was one of the young cooks that had made this beef juice. He accordingly was summoned, and, "Little cook," she said, "you made me this juice. Well, stand there and see me drink it." She did so, and gave him the empty cup and let him go. The governess told her it was very naughty to give so much trouble. The child replied: "You said it would give him pleasure if I drank it."

Anastasia, the fourth, is said to be the cleverest of them all. At two years and eight months she frame-knitted two mufflers for the soldiers. She calculates results in a somewhat amusing way. Being forbidden to jump off the table on threat of punishment, she climbed on the table. The governess promptly took her off and tied her in a chair. She was very downcast and said: "It's better to climb on the table and jump off and get a little slap, than not to climb and jump, but it's better not to climb and jump than to be tied in a chair."

Princess Maria, says the governess, was more remarkable for her goodness than anything else. She also learned very quickly. She has the royal memory for faces. She has a great determination and carries through whatever she begins. Of all the children she is the emperor's favorite.

THE CZAR'S CHILDREN.
(At the foot is the Czarevitch.)

THE MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

Do all the good you can
In all the ways you can
To all the people you can.

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

I am sorry I have neglected writing to you, but I have followed each one's letter closely. I wanted to get here for the reunion but I am always behind.

Today is Sunday, Sweet Marie, and the dishes are waiting for you, too, but I have not become a Mrs. Somebody. My school work has occupied my time for the past eight months and it is not finished yet, but I had to steal a little time to be with the M. G. R.'s again.

Mistigay, you see I am still "hearty and hale" even though I have been absent so long. I think I can come oftener after this month and may "keep a-comin'."

I have had a few good times the past winter attending house parties, literary societies and skating parties, only one of the latter, however, for when I left it there was a hole in the pond. At all the other gatherings I had splendid times and am enjoying a splendid one now. I will close, but if any of you lack good times come to—Miss Ouri.

What do I consider noble in man or woman?

First, I will express my ideas about what is noble in man. The noble man in my estimation is one who is honest, upright, sincere and truthful in every respect. He has lofty aspirations, seeking not worldly fame and honor, but reaching beyond the vain and transitory things of life, to the higher and truer plane of existence. Receiving worldy commendation may make us noble in one sense of the word, but not in the true sense of nobility. The noble man is the "true blue." He is true to the principles of right; true to his friends, himself and his God. In fact, he is true to all that makes life beautiful and sublime. He consecrates his life a living sacrifice to the divine avocation wherein he is called to labor.

He ever prizes the most sacred of all emblems. Truth, loyalty, honesty and truth are the stepping stones that lead him onward to the goal that awaits the noble at the end of life's journey. He often commits acts of valor, deeds that merit universal praise, but he labors not for honor, he simply obeys the call of duty. He is interested in the welfare of mankind. He seeks not to destroy the happiness of his friends, but by his influence guides the erring ones over life's rugged paths. He is courteous to all, placing himself on a plane of equalization, not associating of course with degraded characters, but manifesting the spirit of kindness and good will to all. Nobility, I believe, is more aptly applied to man, as it is a world-wide custom to speak of man as being noble. In one sense of the word nobility means bravery; therefore man takes precedence in this respect, for women are and will continue to be less valorous than men.

A woman to be noble should be modest, unassuming, refined and graceful. They should be generous and kind, ever seeking "virtue the immediate jewel of the soul." Her language is chaste. Her thoughts are pure and holy. She refrains from gossip and deceit, as there is nothing that carries so much of strife and sorrow as the former, while the latter is a trait of character that should be detested by everyone. No true woman is deceitful. The noble woman has high ideals. Worldy amusements and life's fleeting charms do not appeal to her. She has a higher aim in life. She looks far o'er the discords of time to the eternal joys that await those who are faithful. She lives a life crowned with usefulness and love. By her maidenly ways and purity of soul she inspires others to highly and more useful lives. Her influence is as beacon light along the shore which compels the lone wanderer's return. She abhors every appearance of evil, and clings to that which is true.—Nannie Hamm.

Are "boys" allowed in the circle? I am a new subscriber to The Blade and like it very much. I am living on some of Uncle Sam's land in South Dakota. I have 160 acres for a farm by staying 14 months and having it as a home. I like this country, although the lack of water is a great bother. Dams, and "portable wells," which are barrels or tanks on wagons, supply our "water crops." Draws or gullies, leading into the dams after rains or melting snows, fill the dams. I have a dam 300 feet long and eighteen feet high for catching our supply. It backs water three-quarters of a mile from the dam in the rainy season; then look out for the "gumbo." It rolls up on wagon and buggy wheels from twelve to fourteen inches wide and from four to five inches thick.

Jack rabbits, quail, prairie chickens, coyotes and gray wolves are found here, as are the prairie dogs, and these are a great pest. I shot a jack rabbit with my revolver recently that weighed eight and a half pounds when dressed. Of course my West Virginia fox hound helped get him. This country is rather rolling, but five miles south are what I call the Hayes Buttes. I live five miles from Hayes, the nearest village. It is where I get my mail. I live a mile and a half from Frozen Men's creek. Two sheep ranchers froze to death there in a blizzard, so the creek takes that name. We have had some very nice and some bad weather this winter. January first, it was 74 degrees above zero, and the next Wednesday it was 28 below. How is that for a drop?

The capital city is Pierre. They are now building a new capitol building there, out of native stones. Around Rapid City are the gold mines. Wishing all the M. G. R.'s a happy new year, I will sign myself—Sitting Bull.

I have been a reader of this paper for several years and I think it is the best on earth. I look at the Household page the first thing. I visited the city of The Blade a year ago, and think it is a beautiful place. I have lived in the Buckeye state about nine years. My native home is West Virginia and I think it is a fine state. I should like to know what part of Ohio, Blue-Eyed Yankee Girl lives in. I am in the southern part, on a farm where we raise chickens, stock, etc. I think that is a beautiful poem Blue-Eyed Hermit wrote. I should like to have some one write about house plants as I am a lover of flowers. Best wishes to all.—Red Wing from Ohio.

Will you accept a new friend from old Arkansaw? I enjoy the letters on this page very much, and I feel lonesome when I fail to get the paper on time. I live in northwest Arkansas and the country is rough, but we raise lots of corn, oats and some wheat and good fruits. We have a railroad within three miles of us. I belong to the National Guard of this state and shall go to West Virginia the third of July. My father is dead and I take care of my mother. I should enjoy very much reading another letter from the Oregon sisters. The best way I can enjoy life is to be in the saddle on a fast horse. Good luck and best wishes to all.—Blue-Eyed Will.

M. G. R. AFFAIRS

Weather report in Toledo at this time of writing: Cloudy, cold and some snow, but I saw a garden of brave little crocuses in bloom—purple and yellow—when I came down to the office this morning. Who cares for the weather when flowers are in blossom?—Miss Prudence.

I love the flowers that come about with spring,
And whether they be scarlet, white or blue,
It mattereth to me not anything,
For when I see them full of sun and dew,
My heart doth get so full with its delight,
I know not blue from red, nor red from white.
—Alice Cary.

Since our meeting of the past week letters for the M. G. R. have come from Florida Old Man, W. Va. Sunbeam, Yetive, Zelah, Roy from Illinois, and W. Va. Moonshine.

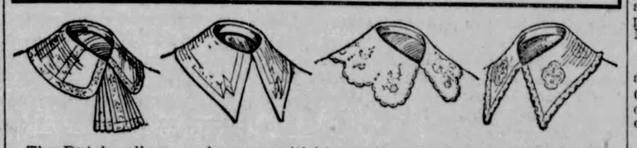
Do not be discouraged if your letters are not printed as soon as you expect. There are many M. G. R. members, and new ones are constantly arriving, and all I can do is to do the best I can, because a newspaper will not stretch and our space is limited, so you will please not make your letters too long.—Miss Prudence.

All letters for this page should be addressed to The Weekly Blade, Toledo, O., with "Household Editor" written on the lower left-hand corner of the envelope.

CHEAP WINDOW BOX

From any furniture dealer you can buy for a few cents the long boxes in which curtain shades are sent by express. These boxes, if painted and filled with earth, make very good window boxes for small flowers. They can be placed crosswise on the corners of the porch, or they can be hung from the front to the side railing. They should be filled with petunias, portulac and any vine that will trail over the sides. A shelf outside the window for supporting a flower box should be made of heavy wood, one inch thick, planed and painted and then braced, either with three wooden or stout iron braces.

FASHIONABLE DUTCH COLLARS



The Dutch collars can be worn with garments which are high at the neck, or with those having the opening cut a little low. Narrow bands finish the neck edges of these collars, and they can easily be attached to the waists with which they are worn. Lace may also be used at the edges. Medallions, either of lace or embroidery, are often used as trimmings on these collars. Many outlines are cut in large scallops, and they, in turn, are embroidered in smaller ones. At the highest point of each large scallop, lines of eyelets or dots are embroidered up to the neck opening, decreasing in size from the outer edge. A large eyelet or dot is worked at the center of each scallop near the edge. These collars are usually made of handkerchief linen, batiste or Swiss, although the heavier linen is often preferred.

The Dutch collars will be much worn during the coming season, and these are well suited to nearly all waists. A plaited jabot, embroidered or trimmed with lace insertion and edging, can be made from material corresponding to the collar, and finished at the bottom in either square or round outline. These jabots are easily made, as they are really nothing more than small pieces of material plaited.—The April Delineator.

CONTRIBUTED RECIPES

Black George Cake—Cream three tablespoonfuls of sugar with two and a half tablespoonfuls of butter. Add one cup of molasses, two and a fourth cups of flour, the yolk of one egg, one teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful each of cinnamon and cloves, and lastly, one cup of hot water. Bake in four layers.

Filling—Boil one cup of sugar with one half cup of hot water ten minutes. Pour over the beaten white of one egg. Add a cup of chopped raisins and spread between layers.

Sally-Lunn Tea Cakes—Put two tablespoonfuls of butter, two tablespoonfuls of sugar and one-half teaspoonful of salt in a bowl, and pour on one cupful of scalded milk. When lukewarm add one-half yeast cake dissolved in two tablespoonfuls of lukewarm water, three well beaten eggs and enough bread flour (once sifted) to make a stiff batter, the amount required being about two and one-fourth cupfuls. Cover, and let rise until very light. Pour into buttered tin or tins, again let rise, and bake in a hot oven. This mixture may be baked in a sheet, in muffin rings or in iron gem pans.

Raised Wheat Muffins—Heat a pint milk to the boiling point, then cool. When lukewarm dissolve half a compressed yeast cake in some of the milk, add a liberal tablespoonful melted butter, the rest of the milk and two well beaten eggs. Scald out the bread bowl so as to have it warm, then sift into it a quart of flour and a teaspoonful salt. Pour in the warm milk with the eggs and butter and beat the whole until the batter "blisters." Cover closely and set in a warm place. Do this about nine o'clock at night. In the early morning butter twelve deep muffin pans, fill half full and set, covered, where they may rise until about a quarter-inch from the tops of the pans. Have the oven hot and bake about half an hour.

Quaker Eggs—Break into small pieces about two ounces of soaked and boiled salt codfish free from all bones. Moisten the fish with a quarter of a cup of cream, and let it boil down to about two tablespoons of liquid. Scramble four or five eggs in the ordinary way, and when ready, mix with the fish and serve on buttered toast.

And so, though skies may frown or smile,
Be diligent day by day;
Reward shall greet you after a while
If you just keep pegging away.
—Nixon Waterman.

THE POETS' CORNER

THE CHURCH AND THE WORLD

By Matilda C. Edwards.

The church and the world walked far apart,
On the changing shores of time;
The world was singing a giddy song,
The Church a hymn sublime.
"Come, give me your hand," said the merry world,
"And walk with me this way;"
But the good Church hid her snowy hand,
And solemnly answered, "Nay,
I will not give you my hand at all,
And I will not walk with you;
Your way is the endless way of death,
Your words are all untrue."

"Nay, walk with me but a little space,"
Said the world with a kindly air,
"The road I walk is a pleasant road,
And the sun shines always there;
Your path is thorny and rough and rude,
And mine is broad and plain;
My road is paved with flowers and gems,
And yours with tears and pain.
The sky above me is always blue,
No want, no toil I know;
The sky above you is always dark,
Your lot is a lot of woe.
My path, you see, is a broad, fair path,
And my gate is high and wide—
There is room enough for you and me
To travel side by side."

Half shyly the Church approached the world,
And gave him her hand of snow;
The old world grasped it and walked along,
Saying in accents low,
"Your dress is too simple to please my taste,
I will give you pearls to wear,
Rich velvets and silks for your graceful form,
And diamonds to deck your hair."

The Church looked down on her plain white robes,
And then at the dazzling world,
And blushed as she saw his handsome lip
With a smile contemptuous curled;
"I will change my dress for a costlier one,"
Said the Church with a smile of grace,
Then her pure white garments drifted away,
And the world gave in their place
Beautiful satins and shining silks,
And roses and gems and pearls;
And over her forehead her bright hair fell,
Crisped in a thousand curls.

"Your house is too plain," said the proud old world,
"I'll build you one like mine,
Carpets of brussels and curtains of lace,
And furniture ever so fine."
So he built her a costly and beautiful house—
Splendid it was to behold;
Her sons and her beautiful daughters lived there,
Gleaming in purple and gold;
And fairs and shows in the halls were held,
And the world and his children were there;
And laughter and music and feasts were held,
In the place that was meant for prayer.
She had cushioned pews for the rich and great,
To sit in their pomp and pride,
While the poor folks, clad in their shabby suits,
Sat meekly down outside.

The Angel of Mercy flew over the Church,
And whispered, "I know thy sin;"
The Church looked down with a sigh and longed
To gather her children in.
But some were off in the midnight ball,
And some were off at the play,
And some were drinking in gay saloons,
So she quietly went her way.

The sly world gallantly said to her,
"Your children mean no harm—
Merely indulging in innocent sports;"
So she leaned on his proffered arm,
And smiled and chatted and gathered flowers,
As she walked along with the world,
While millions and millions of deathless souls
To the horrible pit were hurled.

"Your preachers are too old and plain,"
Said the gay old world with a sneer;
"They frighten my children with dreadful tales,
Which I like not for them to hear;
They talk of brimstone and fire and pain,
And the horrors of endless night;
They talk of a place that should not be
Mentioned in ears polite.
I will send you some of the better stamp,
Brilliant and gay and fast,
Who will tell them that people may live as they like,
And go to heaven at last.
The Father is merciful, great and good,
Tender and true and kind;
Do you think He would take one child to heaven
And leave the rest behind?"
So he filled her house with gay divines,
Gifted and great and learned;
And the plain old men that preached the Cross
Were out of the pulpit turned.

"You give too much to the poor," said the world,
Far more than you ought to do;
If the poor need shelter and food and clothes,
Why need it trouble you?
Go take your money and buy rich robes,
And horses and carriages fine,
And pearls and jewels and dainty food,
And the rarest and costliest wine.
My children dote on all such things,
And if their love you would win,
You must do as they do and walk in the ways
That they are walking in."
The Church held tightly the strings of her purse,
And gracefully lowered her head,
And simpered, "I've given too much away,
I'll do, sir, as you have said."

So the poor were turned away in scorn,
And she heard not the orphan's cry,
And she drew her beautiful robes aside,
As the widows went weeping by.
The sons of the world and the sons of the Church
Walked closely hand in heart,
And only the Master, who knoweth all,
Could tell the two apart.
Then the Church sat down at her ease and said,
"I am rich and in goods increased,
I have need of nothing, and nothing to do
But to laugh and dance and feast."
The sly world heard her, and in his sleeve
He mockingly said aside,
"The Church is fallen, the beautiful Church,
And her shame is her boast and pride!"

The Angel drew near to the Mercy seat,
And whispered in sighs her name;
And the saints their anthem of rapture hushed,
And covered their heads with shame,
And a voice came down through the hush of heaven,
From Him who sat on the throne,
"I know thy works, and how thou hast said,
'I am rich,' and hast not known
That thou art naked and poor and blind
And wretched before My face;
Thus from My presence I cast thee out,
And blot thy name from its place."

LITTLE NELL OF NARRAGANSETT BAY

How well do I remember my childhood's happy hours,
The cottage in the garden where grow the fairest flowers,
The bright and sparkling water o'er which we used to sail
With hearts so gay for miles away, before the gentle gale.
I had a dear companion, but she's not with me now,
The lillies of the valley are waving o'er her brow.
Now I am sad and lonely, a-weeping all the day
For bright-eyed, laughing little Nell of Narragansett bay.

I loved the little beauty, the boat it was my pride,
And with her close beside me, what joy it was to ride.
She'd laugh in tones so merry to see the waves go by,
While loudly blew the stormy winds and murky was the sky.
When lightning flashed around us and all seemed dark and drear.
We loved the dear old ocean and never dreamed of fear;
But now I'm sad and lonely a-weeping all the day,
For bright-eyed, laughing little Nell of Narragansett bay.

One day from us she wandered, and soon was in the boat;
The cord was quickly loosened and with the tide she'd float;
The treacherous bark flew onward and swift before the wind,
Till home and friends and all so dear were many miles behind.
Next day her form all lifeless, was washed upon the beach;
We stood and gazed upon it, bereft of mind and speech.
'Tis a year since last we parted, but still I weep today
For bright-eyed, laughing little Nell of Narragansett bay.

CHORUS.

Toll, toll the bell at early dawn of day,
Laughing little Nell so quickly passed away;
Toll, toll the bell at early dawn of day,
For bright-eyed, laughing little Nell of Narragansett bay.

WHERE THE SILVERY COLORADO WENDS ITS WAY

The twilight softly gathers 'round my home among the hills,
And all nature soon will settle down to rest,
While I sit and sadly ponder and my heart with longing fills,
As I often think of one that I love best.
We were wedded in the June time, and our hearts then knew no pain.
Fair nature seemed to smile on us that day.
Now she sleeps beneath the lilacs, and she'll ne'er come back again
Where the silvery Colorado wends its way.

CHORUS.

There's a sob on ev'ry breeze,
And a sigh comes from the trees,
And the meadowlark now croons a sadder lay,
For the sunlight plays no more 'round my cheerless cabin door.
Where the silvery Colorado wends its way.

The silvery snow is gleaming on your distant mountain side,
Where we often used to wander, Nell and I,
And the birds are gaily singing in the valley far below,
Where I long sometime to lay me down and die.
Then our lives were gay and happy in the shadow of the hills,
My heart beat fondly for her day by day,
And I feel her presence near me as I sit alone tonight,
Where the silvery Colorado wends its way.

OUR BABY

She came to us when the day was dark
With clouds of the blackest hue;
Dear little babe with soft brown hair
And eyes of the deepest blue.

Oh, how we loved this precious child!
The only one God had given
To brighten and cheer our lonely home
And make it almost heaven.

Seven months and a few more days she stayed,
Then her pure spirit fled,
And we stood by her little grave,
In the city of the dead.

Yet we feel that her spirit hovers near,
And will as the days go by;
For she seemed like a little fluttering bird,
With its wings outspread for the sky.

And we'll try to reach the heavenly home,
Where our darling is at rest;
And her little head rests free from pain
On her loving Savior's breast.

POEMS REQUESTED

One of our readers is anxious to get poem entitled "The Deliverance of Lyden." One of its lines is this: Starvation leers from every eye and famine sucks the breath.

Will some one give us the poem "The Sleeping Sentinel," founded on the incident of the Vermont soldier found asleep at his post?

These songs and poems are requested: Slumber Eternal in Thy Tomb Immortal, In Mt. Vernon's Garden, Christine Leroy, Drifting Away, and Passing Away.

Here is a clue to a poem asked for: In a bower a widow dwelt; at her feet three suitors knelt.

Does anyone know the poem called Paradise Sal, and having for its subject the burning of the old Gem theatre in Deadwood?

A campaign song, written at the time of Lincoln's first candidacy, and including the names of Douglas, Bell and Everett, is very much wanted.

AFTER SUFFERING TEN YEARS

Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

MARLTON, N.J.—I feel that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has given me new life. I suffered for ten years with serious female troubles, inflammation, ulceration, indigestion, nervousness, and could not sleep. Doctors gave me up, as they said my troubles were chronic. I was in despair, and did not care whether I lived or died, when I read about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; so I began to take it, and am well again and relieved of all my suffering."—Mrs. GEORGE JORDY, Box 40, Marlton, N.J.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotics or harmful drugs, and to-day holds the record for the largest number of actual cures of female diseases we know of, and thousands of voluntary testimonials are on file in the Pinkham laboratory at Lynn, Mass., from women who have been cured from almost every form of female complaints, inflammation, ulceration, displacements, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, indigestion and nervous prostration. Every suffering woman owes it to herself to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial.

If you would like special advice about your case write a confidential letter to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free, and always helpful.

NEW STEEL ROOFING $1.60 PER 100 SQ. FEET

STEEL SIDING $1.85 PER 100 SQ. FT. LOOKS LIKE BRICK

Durable and Economical Known

Easy to put on, requires no tools but a hatchet or a hammer. With ordinary care will outlast any other kind. Thousands of satisfied customers everywhere have proven its virtues. Suitable for covering any building. Also best for ceiling and siding. FIRE-PROOF AND LIGHTNING PROOF. Cheaper and more lasting than shingles. Will not rain water. Makes your building cooler in summer and warmer in winter. Absolutely perfect. Brand new. This is our price for our No. 10 grade of Flat Semi-Hardened Steel Roofing and Siding, each sheet 24 in. wide and 6 or 8 ft. long. Our price on the Corrugated, like illustration, sheets 22 in. wide and 6 or 8 ft. long, $1.85. Steel Pressed Standing Seam. PER SQUARE, $1.85. Fine Steel Beaded Ceiling, PER SQUARE, $1.85. Also furnish Standing Seam or Crimped Roof- WE PAY THE FREIGHT to all points east of Colorado except Okla., Tex., and Ind. Ter. Quotations to other points on application. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR MONEY REFUNDED. We ship this roofing to anyone answering this Ad., C. O. D., with privilege of examination if you send us 25 per cent of the amount of your order in cash; balance to be paid after it reaches your station. If not found as represented, we will cheerfully refund your deposit. ASK FOR CATALOG NO. C. M. 297 Lowest prices on Roofing, Eave Troughs, Wire, Pipe, Fencing, Plumbing, Doors, House-goods and everything needed on the farm or in the home.

WE BUY OUR GOODS AT SHERIFFS' AND RECEIVERS' SALES

Chicago House Wrecking Co., 35th & Iron Sts., Chicago

GHTY NIAGARA SILENT

llowing Severe Storm, the iver Frozen Solid From Bank to Bank.

ffalo, April 12.—The voice of Ni-a is mute for the second time in memory of man. The first time late in February, when, follow-a severe northerly blow, the falls dry. Now, following a severe nwester, the river is frozen solid bank to bank.

precedented weather has brought t unprecedented conditions. Wed-ay of last week, the worst gale he season and the most violent he history of the weather bureau April was recorded, and following lakes and the channel of the ara left ruin in its wake. Solid fields of lake Erie were churned end to end and piled in a huge lomerate mass at the lower of the lake.

Moving Floes Pack.

Niagara Falls there had been a ice bridge in the pool below the ract since the middle of winter. er the impact of the mass of ice the lake above and the added blown by the wind, the bridge way and began to surge down rapids; but before it could win om in the ample waters of lake rio, the wind shifted again to the h. Instantly the moving floes ed at the mouth of the river. nservative estimates place the age at $1,000,000. All day long nstant stream of visitors poured n the railway tracks, the trolley ks, packed the trains, the cars. even rode and walked cross coun-to see a sight that is not likely to at itself within the present gen-ion. Under a brilliant sun the lay white and glistening to the on. And it was silent. Abso-y voiceless.

Further Damage Feared.

l estimates of ultimate damage conditioned by what the weather have in store. The best that can oped for is a succession of calm, n days. Then the ice will melt ually and subside bit by bit. Al-y it has sunk five, and, in spots feet as the support of the water ath has been withdrawn. The t that could happen would be her violent blow from the south-

no means all the ice in the lake t. For the moment the upper hes of the river are running clear, as far as the eye can see the white tle of the frost blankets the lake. hat great mass should be driven n on the jam below the damage ld be inconceivable.

E JAM CREATES HAVOC

chinery Is Stopped and Several Bridges Are Threatened.

gara Falls, April 10.—The ice jam in Niagara gorge continues, and between city and Lewiston the water has forty feet above normal.

e plant of the Ontario Power com-of Niagara Falls, Ont., has suffered derably, water and ice having poured gh the windows and south door of power house, causing a stoppage of machinery. Temporary connection is made through the courtesy of the rical Development company with works, and the steam reserve plants chester, Syracuse, West Seneca and here are being used to supply a por-of the current in the state of New . The intention is to supply the e service corporations first, such as nds and lighting companies, and wards the manufacturers and private

ddition to the plant of the Ontario er company, that of the Hydraulic er company is also seriously inter-with by the ice. The Maid of the landing here has been swept away, the upper steel arch bridge and the ension bridge near Lewiston are both tened.

e ice in the gorge is packed so ly that it is possible to cross on it evil's hole. Engineers who have ex-ed it this morning are of the opinion it would be futile to attempt dyna-

e great Gorge railroad is entirely out commission, its tracks being covered e in places to the height of 15 feet washed out in others.

YS NAVY NO GOOD

lian Paper Sees Defects in Big Cruisers.

me, April 10.—A local newspaper published an article criticizing se-y the condition of the Italian navy. ays that the new warship Napoli t make more than six knots an and that the Roma can do little r. The paper alleges, also, that e defects have been discovered in machinery of the new 10,000-ton er.

Consumption Book FREE

This valuable medical book tells in plain, simple language how Consumption can be cured in your own home. If you know of any one suffering from Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma or any throat or lung trouble, or are yourself afflicted, this book will help you to a cure. Even if you are in the advanced stage of the disease and feel there is no hope, this book will show you how others have cured themselves after all doctors they had tried failed, and they believed their case hopeless.

Write at once to the Yonkerman Consumption Remedy Co., 4040 Water Street, Kalamazoo, Mich., and they will gladly send you the book by return mail free and also a generous supply of the New Treatment, absolutely free, for they want every sufferer to have this wonderful remedy before it is too late. Don't wait—write today. It may mean the saving of your life.

DENIES PROFIT IN OIL

Milburn Shows How Great Figures Are Simply Compound Interest Results.

St. Louis, Mo., April 8.—Attorney Milburn, heading the Standard Oil company's array of lawyers who are here combating the government's suit to have the organization declared illegal as a violator of the Sherman anti-trust act, resumed his argument in the United States circuit court today.

Mr. Milburn devoted several hours to replying to Assistant Attorney General Frank B. Kellogg's charges that the Standard had a profit of $700,000,000 upon a capitalization of $97,250,000. This profit, Mr. Kellogg has declared enormous and unreasonable.

That the defendants had made either enormous or unreasonable profits, Mr. Milburn denied at the commencement of today's argument. That the profits exceeded the sums paid out as dividends, the attorney said, was true, but he explained that such surplus had been used in property extension and construction.

Denies Profit Charges.

Another statement commented on by Mr. Milburn was the prosecution's charge that the value of the properties owned by the Standard of New Jersey, though capitalized at $97,250,000, really represented not less than $200,000,000.

Mr. Milburn declared with emphasis that "the government's theory for estimating profits, as set forth in the petition, is unsound in law and does not accord with these principles or the facts of human experience. It is even difficult to discuss such a proposition with patience."

The attorney pointed out that the fundamental fallacy in the government's position was that it failed in any way to recognize the enormous cumulative effect of compound interest.

Taking as a basic proposition, that the properties of the Standard in 1882 were worth $70,000,000, as testified to by Mr. Archbold, the attorney quoted from a table to show that compounded at 7 per cent from 1882 to 1906, the original $70,000,000 would reach $255,065,686.74. Assuming that this 7 per cent had been added to the capital, irrespective of dividends, Mr. Milburn suggested it might, in a way, explain the rapid and apparently phenomenal growth of the Standard's assets. "It's but a matter of a pencil, a bit of paper and a school to figure it out—no lawyer is required," added Mr. Milburn.

Even taking the value of the property of the defendant in 1882 to be $55,710,000, as claimed by the government, Mr. Milburn said that this, compounded at 8 per cent from 1882 to 1906 grew to $353,271,000, which was but $6,128,588 less than the actual assets of the latter year, as shown by the accounts of the corporation.

"Why," said he, "if we had never purchased a gallon of oil, but loaned our capital expeditiously and carefully, we could have made as much and with the high interest rates of that period, probably more."

Speaking of profits caused Mr. Milburn to retrace his argument and reconsider the pipe lines situation. He made much of the fact that none of the independent operators had appeared on the witness stand to voice grievances.

"The oppressed make a noise that reaches to the four corners of the earth," said he. "In fact, Americans often shout before they are hurt. If hurt, they shout for relief until it comes. But none came to complain. The interstate commerce commission is ready to listen to and correct the wrongs of transportation. But no one has appeared before it with complaints of our pipe lines. Our lines will never be used as common carriers as it is a part of the general economy of refineries to own their own pipe lines so as to make certain their supply of crude oil."

Something at this point reminded the Standard Oil attorney of the alleged missing $22,000,000 "Trainer loan" told of by Mr. Kellogg, who asserted that he could not trace it. John D. Archbold testified in New York that he presumed that it was a mere matter of bookkeeping transfer, in explaining the entry.

"With all of his even feminine persistence, Mr. Kellogg could not locate the exact man who knew of that transaction," said Mr. Milburn. "Even if a man is only a farmer he will have separate accounts, and many seemingly mixed transfers to the farming account, especially if he is a 'gentleman farmer.' When this case is completed, I will tell Mr. Kellogg just what became of that $22,000,000."

All Wax Humorous.

"Tell it to the court," interrupted Mr. Kellogg.

"I will, when this case is closed," was the response.

"It was not used for counsel fees?" suggested the ascetic appearing Judge Hook, whose humor had hitherto been concealed. The other judges smiled grimly at their associate's little joke.

"No, the sum was too large even for lawyers," said Mr. Milburn. "Although he did not just say so, my friend here, Mr. Kellogg, intimates that our very size constitutes a monopoly," continued the Standard's attorney. "He evidently agrees with the peerless leader of my moribund party, that a profit of fifty per cent indicates monopoly," added Mr. Milburn, who, as a Democrat, was once a follower of W. J. Bryan.

FINDS HIS BROTHER

Soldier Learns Real Name After 24 Years.

Kansas City, Mo., April 9.—John Alfred Kohler, known to his comrades as Johnny Alfred, a soldier stationed at Jefferson barracks near St. Louis, met his long sought brother, Kit Kohler, a brewery solicitor, in the latter's home here last night after twenty-four years of searching.

Johnny Alfred ran away from home when four years old, was found by the police and sent to an orphans' home. He forgot his full name. Recently his comrades urged him to endeavor to find his relatives. Kohler did so, writing a letter to the Kansas City Star detailing his history, and it was read by Kit.

After the reunion here it developed that the lost boy had lived for several years next door to Fred Kohler, another brother, in St. Joseph, Mo., without discovering their relationship.

Worked for Reforms

ETHAN ALLEN HITCHCOCK.

FRAUD FIGHTER DIES

Ethan Allen Hitchcock Is Dead After Notable Work in Two Cabinets.

Washington, April 9.—Ethan Allen Hitchcock, secretary of the interior under Presidents McKinley and Roosevelt, died here this morning at 11 o'clock, aged 74.

Mr. Hitchcock had been ill for some weeks. He contracted a severe cold while in the west, and as his condition became more serious he hurried to Washington to place himself in the hands of specialists who had attended him during his official career here. He suffered from a complication of kidney, heart and pulmonary diseases. Ever since he reached here he has been confined to his bed and constantly attended by his physicians and trained nurses.

With him, at the home of his son-in-law, Lieutenant Commander Sims, of the navy, the former naval aide of the President, were his children, Mrs. Sims and Mrs. Shepley and his daughter, Miss Margaret Hitchcock. His condition had become steadily worse during the past few days, and last night all hope for his recovery was abandoned. His strength had become exhausted, his advanced age had prevented any rally, and through the early morning hours his death had been momentarily expected.

Led Notable Fight.

His passing marked the close of a career whose pre-eminent features was an administration of the interior department that stirred the western lands problems as never before. Brought here from St. Petersburg, where he had served as ambassador under an appointment of President McKinley, Mr. Hitchcock was almost immediately plunged into a vortex of complications due to charges of fraud and countercharges growing out of the acquirement of public lands in the western states.

Mr. Hitchcock directed the most sweeping investigations, arousing the enmity of powerful political interests. That work is recalled today as one of the most unswerving and relentless inquisitions in the annals of government prosecutions. He prosecuted cases case against numerous men in public life and private business, including United States Senator Mitchell, of Oregon, who was convicted and died not long afterward; former Congressman Binger Hermann, who had served as commissioner of the general land office, and who was acquitted; former United States Senator Deitrich, of Nebraska; Representative Williamson, of Oregon, and John A. Benson, a millionaire real estate broker of San Francisco.

Of Distinguished Family.

Mr. Hitchcock was a descendant of the famous Vermonter, Ethan Allen. He was born in Mobile, Ala., but had long lived in St. Louis. His education ended with a course in an academy at New Haven, Conn., but he held honorary degrees for University of Missouri, Harvard and Washington university. He was in many business enterprises and was a life-long Republican. In 1897 he was made minister to Russia and later ambassador. In 1898 he became secretary of the interior and held this office until 1907.

COOK STAYS 50 YEARS

No Servant Problem in the Price Family.

New York, April 9.—Fifty years ago Mary Grogan began work in the family of Abail Price, of South River, N. J. Yesterday three generations of Prices and three generations of Grogans celebrated the anniversary because, wonderful to relate, Mary is still there as the family cook.

In the beginning she asked for $100 a year and got it. She has never asked for a raise or a vacation.

No wonder that Abail Price sent to New York for champagne with which he and the relatives and friends might drink to the health of such a servant. No wonder that he engaged the Riverside orchestra, of South River, for the entire day to play whenever the folk had to stop praising Mary long enough to get their breath.

The old breadmaking pans with which Mary began her work for the Prices were used in the decorations of the house and all the old-fashioned furniture was brought down from the attic and arranged as nearly as they could remember, just as it was on the day when she arrived at the farm house with her three fatherless children and asked for work. The American flag was flying all day above the roof and two green flags with golden harps were within the circle of the fifty candles on the great cake. For if there is one place on earth that Mary Grogan is as loyal as she is to the Price acres it is Ireland, where she was born.

Mary danced a few steps of the old Irish fling with which she used to amuse her entertainers when they were babies, just to show them that she is able to go on making buckwheats for many years to come.

MODJESKA IS DEAD

Famous Actress Succumbs to Her Long Illness.

Los Angeles, April 8.—Mme. Modjeska, the famous Polish tragedienne, and one of the most noted actresses of the American stage, died at 10 o'clock today at her island home at Bay City, Orange county, at the age of 65, after an illness of about two months. For several days she had been unconscious and her death was almost hourly expected. Bright's disease, complicated with heart trouble, was the immediate cause of death.

Gathered around the bedside of the noted actress when she passed away were Count Bozenta, husband of Mme. Modjeska; Ralph Modjeska and his wife, a son and daughter-in-law, of Chicago, and Dr. J. C. Boyd, the family physician.

Funeral arrangements have not yet been announced.

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My Great Buggy Proposition—IT'S NEW. Positively best ever made by any factory.

Saves You 33⅓ to 50% lowest prices, best proposition ever made in buggy history. Get it before buying a buggy of any kind. It helps you pay for buggy. Also harness, wagons, implements, etc.

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To Enjoy

the full confidence of the Well-Informed of the World and the Commendation of the most eminent physicians it was essential that the component parts of Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna should be known to and approved by them; therefore, the California Fig Syrup Co. publishes a full statement with every package. The perfect purity and uniformity of product, which they demand in a laxative remedy of an ethical character, are assured by the Company's original method of manufacture known to the Company only.

The figs of California are used in the production of Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna to promote the pleasant taste, but the medicinal principles are obtained from plants known to act most beneficially.

To get its beneficial effects always buy the genuine—manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, and for sale by all leading druggists.

BENEFIT OF STANDARD

Counsel for Oil Company Traces Its Influence as Up-Builder of Commerce.

St. Louis, April 7.—John G. Milburn, senior counsel of the Standard Oil company in the suit of the government to have the great corporation dissolved as a violator of the Sherman act, now being argued before the full bench of the United States circuit court of this district, resumed today his narrative of the early history of the company.

It is Mr. Milburn's contention that the nation's greatest developer of not only local, but foreign commerce.

Mr. Milburn told yesterday of John D. Rockefeller's entry into the oil business through acquisition of a refinery in Cleveland in 1865. Today the attorney told of the establishment of refineries throughout the country. Mr. Milburn said that these investments had been very prosperous at first, but later as a result of over-construction, there had followed a decline in profits.

The rise and general development of Standard prior to the trust agreement of 1882, was next taken up. He told of the Standard's early elements of stability, its acquisition of properties, including pipe lines down to 1875, which, he asserted, had been necessary to the development of the corporation's growing business, and also as one of the economies of the new business.

The alleged weight of Rockefeller money in the railway directorates, has been one of the government's principal charges against the defendants as showing a tendency toward monopolization. Mr. Milburn told of the establishment of the marketing stations for the lubrication business, and its uses and effects. He then took up facts surrounding the Standard's acquisition of various miscellaneous properties, which, he said, were only incidental to the corporation's general expansion.

He next told of the acquisition of the Standard properties prior to the so-called trust agreement, specifying under what conditions each concern was purchased or founded by Standard Oil money.

This is one of the most important features of the defendant's case as it will insist that these properties coming into the agreement were in no sense competing companies.

The agreement of 1879, instead of being illegal was, he said, a simple declaration of trust, entered into by the thirty-seven Standard Oil stockholders, who had been holding the title to the properties involved because the Standard Oil of Ohio could not hold this title in its corporate name.

FIGHT IN DEATH CELL

Man, Condemned to Die, Attacks Keepers.

Trenton, April 9.—Condemned to die in the electric chair within a few weeks, Dominick Magano, of Union county, who is confined in the death house in the New Jersey state prison, revolted because the guards had taken from him a belt he was making as a parting gift to his child, and for nearly ten minutes there was a life and death struggle between him and two keepers.

The attendants, David Speer and Albert Leisner, opened the cell door to take food to the prisoner. As soon as the cell door was opened Magano, who had wrenched an iron bar from his cell, sprang upon Speer, the foremost guard. Speer at the same time backed up against the cell door, shutting Leisner out.

The convict brought down the iron bar on Speer's head and forced him bleeding to the floor. Unable to call assistance, because there is no alarm system connecting the death house with the main prison, Leisner beat upon the cell door with his feet and hands, and when the convict moved away Leisner was able to gain an entrance.

Magano again swung his bar viciously on the two guards and they were bleeding and exhausted when they finally overpowered him.

Five other condemned men witnessed the fight, and while some shouted for assistance others yelled encouragingly to the murderer to kill the guards. Speer and Leisner, while badly bruised, are not fatally injured.

Head Keeper Osborne said the belt Magano had been making was taken from him because it was feared he would use it in an effort to commit suicide and cheat the death chair.

HASKELL CHARGES

Federal Attorney Will Make Another Attack on the Governor.

Tulsa, Okla., April 10.—Federal indictments against Governor C. N. Haskell, of Oklahoma, and six other prominent Oklahomans, charged with fraud in Muskogee town lots, were quashed today by Judge John A. Marshall, of Utah, in the United States circuit court.

The court quashed the indictments on the ground that they were returned by a grand jury composed of 23 men under the federal law, instead of by a jury of sixteen, as provided for by the Arkansas law, which was held to be in force in old Indian Territory by federal enactment at the time when the alleged frauds were committed.

Sylvester Rush, special assistant attorney general, who worked up the cases for the government, stated after the opinion was handed down that he would again put the matter to the grand jury, submitting it without delay to the body now in session.

TRAIN BLOWN OVER

yesterday blew a Chicago & Alton passenger train from the track near Mayview. The coaches rolled down an embankment. The passengers were shaken up but not seriously injured.

CASTRO THROWN OUT

Ordered to Leave Island of Martinique, Where He Had Sought Refuge.

Paris, April 8.—The French government decided today to expel Cipriano Castro, the former president of Venezuela from the French island of Martinique on the ground that his presence there is likely to foment a revolution in Venezuela.

This decision followed consideration of a cablegram from M. Jusserand, the French ambassador at Washington, giving an account of his conference with Secretary of State Knox yesterday.

The decree of expulsion will be communicated to Castro immediately through the prefect of Fort-de-France, where Castro now is.

It is presumed here that the government of the United States, which initiated the exchanges with foreign governments to prevent Castro from establishing headquarters close to the Venezuelan coast, will prevent him making his way to the mainland on a sailing vessel.

This course will leave Castro the alternative of taking refuge on one of the Danish West India islands, or returning to Europe. The French line steamer Versailles touched at Fort De France April 10 on her way back to Europe.

COUNT UP 12 HOURS

Zeppelin Makes a Successful Flight.

Friedrichshafen, April 7.—Count Zeppelin's airship made a successful flight today of twelve hours' duration. It went first to Wangen, in Wurttemberg and returned to Friedrichshafen by another route.

STORK MAKES BONI CRY

Heir to De Sagan's Title Will Block Tricks of De Castellane.

Paris, April 9.—A bombshell that will shatter all the financial hopes of Count Boni de Castellane is contained in the news that the Princess de Sagan expects the arrival of a new heir to the De Sagan title and the Gould millions sometime in June or July.

The arrrival of a De Sagan heir will give the Princess Anna the whip hand over Count Boni, and force him to desist from the campaign of unpleasant irritation he has so persistently carried on since his divorced wife's marriage to De Sagan.

By the terms of her father's will Princess Anna was permitted to leave her fortune to any child or children she might have. This places her in the position of being able to hold Count Boni's children's future inheritance and welfare over his head to whip him into a more reasonable and less warlike frame of mind.

Count Boni seems to have made it his special vocation in life to make things disagreeable for the occupants of the Pink Palace on the Avenue Malakoff. Anything, however slight, is taken advantage of to cause annoyance and pain to his successor and his former wife.

Only the other day when the children were on one of their legally required visits to their father, Count Boni sacrificed his namesake son's wealth of curly hair, which was the mother's pride, not cutting, but clipping the hair closely so that little Boni is no longer distinguished, but looks as ordinary as other children. Princess Anna wept when she saw him; but now the tears will be shed by the other side, and that knowledge is causing Prince De Sagan to wear a smile.

Princess Anna is in the best of health, and is to be seen frequently at the opera and in other public places.

JOAN IN PANTHEON

Paris, April 10.—Following an order issued by Minister of Public Instruction Doumergue, the equestian statue of Joan of Arc, by Paul Dubois, that has stood in the Louvre for fifteen years, was removed secretly Thursday morning and is now installed in the Pantheon.

Significance attaches to this act on account of the recent violent demonstrations of Socialist students at the Sorbonne against Professor Thalmas, the author of a book alleging that the history of Joan of Arc is largely mythical.

DENNEHY'S

Old Underoof

A particular whiskey for particular people.

$5.00 for four full quart bottles in plain package express prepaid

The Test is Free. If you say Old Underoof is not worth the difference in price you may send it back and we will return your money. We do not ask you to invest $3.20 just to have you realize that it is impossible to give value at that price. Old Underoof is not a cheap whiskey made only for mail order trade but a standard American Brand—well known for twenty years.

We give no premiums other than the *quality* of the goods. Write us to-day. Above price does not apply to Colorado and west.

CLEAR SPRING DISTILLING CO., Dept. 22 216 Randolph Street, Chicago.

HITCHCOCK FUNERAL

Body Shipped From Washington to St. Louis.

Washington, April 10.—The body of Ethan Allen Hitchcock, former secretary of the interior and American ambassador to Russia, who died here yesterday, was shipped today over the Pennsylvania railroad for St. Louis. There on Monday funeral services will be held at 2:30 p. m., from the Second Presbyterian church, following which the body will be interred in Bellefontaine cemetery in that city.

Mrs. Hitchcock, Lieutenant Commander and Mrs. Sims, Mr. and Mrs. John S. Shepley, Miss Margaret Hitchcock and George Hitchcock, of St. Louis, accompanied the body to St. Louis.

Mrs. Sims, Mrs. Shepley, Miss Hitchcock and George Hitchcock are children of the former cabinet officer.

HELPS ALASKA GROW

Postal Department Establishes Headquarters.

Washington, April 10.—Postmaster General Hitchcock has signed an order creating on July 1, next, the thirteenth division of railway service with headquarters at Seattle, Washington. The new division includes Montana, Idaho, Oregon, Washington and Alaska. It was carved out of territory comprising the eighth division, except Montana, which was part of the tenth. An additional division superintendent and assistant superintendent will be appointed. The readjustment particularly gives Alaska headquarters in Seattle instead of San Francisco and simplifies the arrangement of schedules to meet the ever changing needs of that rapidly growing territory.

10,000 SICK PEOPLE

Remarkable Offer to the Sick From One of the World's Best Known Doctors

Thousands of Men and Women Bless Dr. Kidd's Name

"Three years ago my only outlook seemed to be the dragging through of a few weary weeks. I was in the first stages of consumption. Local doctors were unable to relieve me. You have cured me, and the English language fails me when I attempt to express my gratitude. Publish my cure to the world that other sufferers may take your treatment and be cured like myself."

These are the words of R. J. Fulton, of Havensville, Kans., in 1904. Today he says he is still in perfect health. Mr. Thomas L. Halferty, of Brimfield, Ind., says: "My son was taken down with Bright's Disease in December, 1901; had passed blood in the urine for seven weeks. There were also albumen and tube casts in the urine, and he had to pass urine as often as forty-three times in twenty-four hours. After two short courses of your treatment he was entirely cured, and is today stronger than he was before." This boy cured seven years ago is still in good health.

Dr. Kidd does not claim to be able to cure Consumption or Bright's Disease, or any other incurable disease. These testimonials are offered simply to show the wonderful results that frequently follow his treatment. If in his opinion your case is incurable he will frankly tell you so. But do not be discouraged—do not give up. Your case is probably no worse than thousands he has cured.

On June 7th, 1904, Mrs. Mary W. Doe, Vassalboro, Me., wrote: "For 15 years I suffered from a spinal affliction, also kidney and stomach trouble. I could not walk without a cane, and sometimes not at all—suffered continually—was compelled to lie in one position all the live-long night. I am cured. My cane has been put away. I am free from pain, can walk as well as ever, and sleep like a child. I advise every suffering sister to accept Dr. Kidd's treatment.

SUFFERED 20 YEARS

Wadena, Ia., R. F. D., No. 2, Oct. 17, 1904.

Dr. J. W. Kidd, Fort Wayne, Ind.

Dear Sir: This is to certify that I, the undersigned, was completely cured of Rheumatism, kidney trouble and displacement of the womb after 20 years of suffering. I can tell the world I am cured and I hope all the sick will consult Dr. Kidd, for I am certain that he can cure anything when he was able to cure me. MRS. LIZZIE HOBART.

DO NOT DELAY

This opportunity may never come again. The opportunity to secure the services of such an eminent doctor entirely free. To have him study your case, diagnose it, tell you how to be cured and send the treatment to prove it, is one that should be accepted by every sick and afflicted man and woman. ACCEPT IT NOW.

He Will Give Ten Thousand Proof Treatments Free to Aid Suffering Men and Women

For the past eight years Dr. James W. Kidd has been one of the world's most successful physicians. Thousands upon thousands of suffering men and women have taken his treatment. Cured patients all over the world have recommended him to their friends and they to others. Thus has his practice grown and his patients increased until it probably can be safely said that he has treated and cured more people than any living physician.

Dr. Kidd has been successful financially, because of his remarkable ability as a doctor and because of the assistance that he has received from cured patients all over the world. During the past year he has built the beautiful laboratory and office building shown below to accommodate this enormous business. Now better equipped, better able than ever to care for his patients, Dr. Kidd feels duly grateful to the friends who have assisted him in the past and has decided to offer a free treatment to the first 10,000 suffering men and women who apply.

THE KIDD BUILDING

Contains 37,000 square feet of floor space. The largest institution in the world devoted exclusively to the treatment of patients by mail in their own homes. With such an institution Dr. Kidd can afford to, and will, fulfill his every promise.

HE ASKS NO PAY

No money—No promise to buy—No papers to sign—No obligation. Just fill out the coupon below or describe your case in a letter. Tomorrow may be too late, for thousands will accept this generous offer. Fill the coupon or write today and by return mail, sealed in plain box, postage paid, and FREE, FREE to you—Free to any afflicted member of your family Dr. Kidd will send this proof of treatment. You have nothing to lose; Everything to gain. If you need treatment for any disease write at once.

He asks only that if benefited you will tell some friend or neighbor. He makes this offer to you if you are sick—if you are afflicted with any ailment—if you are worn out, tired or failing—if you have an ache or a pain—if you are not in perfect health—if you lack the energy, vim, vigor and "go" that make life worth living. To you no matter what your disease—no matter if you are rich or poor—young or old—no matter where you live—To you Dr. Kidd makes this offer to send a proof treatment prepaid, positively free.

All Diseases

Dr. Kidd cures all diseases that can be cured by modern medicine. He cures many that others consider incurable. He likes to begin where others fail. Desperately chronic cases are his specialty. Rheumatism, Kidney and Bladder Trouble, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Constipation and all other diseases of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels, Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis, Chronic Coughs, Weak Lungs and Incipient Consumption, Nervousness, Neurasthenia, all Female Troubles, Scrofula, Impure Blood, Anemia, Eczema and all Eruptions and Diseases of the Skin, Partial Paralysis, Piles, Heart Trouble, Lumbago, Obesity, General Debility and all other Chronic Ailments that medicine will reach, he has cured. Men and women, weak, debilitated, worn out, tired, failing, LET HIM PROVE THAT HE CAN CURE YOU.

Valuable Home Medical Book Free

A $1.00 BOOK FREE if you write at once. The price of this interesting, instructive book is $1.00, but as long as the free issue of 10,000 copies lasts Dr. Kidd will send them free, postage paid, to those who are sick or afflicted in any way, to those who write telling him how they suffer. This volume contains 180 pages of practical information and professional advice that every man and woman should know. It is well illustrated. It describes all diseases, explains all symptoms, gives the causes of disease, tells how to prevent sickness and explains how a great many diseases may be cured in your own home. If you want to be well and remain well this is the book for you—and it is FREE.

Not a Patent Medicine

Dr. Kidd's remarkable success in desperate chronic cases is in a large part due to the careful attention given to each patient. He does not depend on a patent medicine or "cureall," but selects a special treatment for each individual case. Every symptom, every phase of the disease is considered carefully and a special treatment prepared that contains the exact remedies necessary. This is the careful attention that is offered you FREE. For years the skill, knowledge and experience of five doctors have been combined in perfecting the most effective remedies for every possible affliction. Over one million people have taken Dr. Kidd's treatment. This is the skill, knowledge and experience that is yours for the asking. IT IS OFFERED YOU FREE.

CUT OR TEAR OFF THIS COUPON ALONG THIS LINE, DRAW A LINE UNDER THE DISEASES YOU HAVE, FILL IN THE COUPON AND MAIL TO

NOTE—Draw a line under any of the following diseases or afflictions you have.

RHEUMATISM	CONSTIPATION	FEMALE TROUBLE
LUMBAGO	INDIGESTION	TORPID LIVER
ECZEMA	HEADACHE	PARTIAL PARALYSIS
SCROFULA	DIZZINESS	CHRONIC COUGH
CATARRH	EPILEPSY	NERVOUSNESS
DROPSY	KIDNEY TROUBLE	PROSTATITIS
PILES	BLADDER TROUBLE	MALARIA
NEURALGIA	HEART DISEASE	LUNG TROUBLE
DIARRHOEA	IMPURE BLOOD	ASTHMA

Note—If you wish write a letter describing your case in your own words instead of using the coupon.

DR. JAMES W. KIDD, 69 Kidd Building, Fort Wayne, Indiana.

DOCTOR KIDD—Please send me, free of charge, postage paid, your 180-page Home Medical Book and a free proof treatment for my case. It is understood that this book and treatment is not to cost me one cent, now or at any time, and that it does not obligate me in any way.

(Write name on this line) (Age)

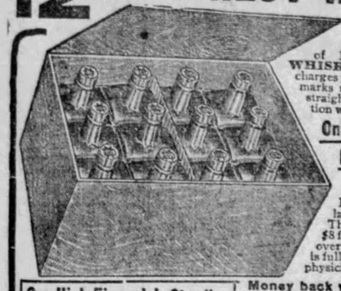
(Address) (How long afflicted)

(Name or describe here the disease with which you suffer most)

THE GREEN MOUNTAIN ANTI-TRUST DISTILLERY

Wants to put 100,000 new customers on its books within the next few weeks and as an inducement makes the following introductory offer:

12 BOTTLE CASE FINEST WHISKEY FOR ONLY $5 EXPRESS PREPAID



Send us $5.00 and we will send you a case of EXTRA SPECIAL DISTILLATION WHISKEY in 12 large full 16 ounce bottles, all charges prepaid to your nearest express station without marks to betray contents. The whiskey is the finest straight whiskey (no spirits, no compounds, no imitation whiskey—nothing but a blend of straight whiskies.)

Only 5000 Cases to be Sold at This Price—Send for a Trial Order Today

Green Mountain Extra Special Distillation Whiskey has been originally put up for the Drug trade in the New England states, where a large demand for a pure high grade whiskey exists. The retail druggists pay to the large drug jobbers $18 for the 12 bottle cases, and the druggist sells it over the counter at $1.00 per bottle. The whiskey is fully and thoroughly matured, and is intended for physicians' prescription purposes.

Our High Financial Standing
We are independent of any trust; Incorporated for $400,000 and are thoroughly reliable and responsible, as any bank in Kansas City can tell you. Ask bank, Dun's or any Express Company will tell you.

Money back without discussion if not satisfactory
GREEN MOUNTAIN DISTILLERY
If you want your order filled same day as received mark your envelope "Personal" and send it today to
M. C. REEFER, President,
Warehouse 775 KANSAS CITY, MO.

Only Anti-Trust Distillery Company selling direct to consumer at distillery prices.

Gillette and All Other Safety Razor Blades Resharpened 2½c

Why pay $1.00 per dozen for new Gillette or other blades when the old ones by our modern edge resharpen at this cutting cost are better than new? Don't take our word for it—we'll prove what the blades really shave better. Send two blades with 5 cents in stamps today—just for a trial. Or write, stating make of blade and we'll send a convenient mailing package free. Write today.
Keenedge Co., 300 Keenedge Building, Chicago

10 DAYS FREE TRIAL
We ship on approval without a cent deposit, freight prepaid. DON'T PAY A CENT if you are not satisfied after using the bicycle 10 days.
DO NOT BUY a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone at any price until you receive our latest art catalogs, illustrating every kind of bicycle and have learned our unheard of prices and marvelous new offers.
ONE CENT is all it will cost you to write a postal and everything will be sent you Free, postpaid by return mail. You will get much valuable information. Do not wait, write it now.
TIRES, Coaster-Brakes, Built-up Wheels and all sundries at half usual prices.
MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. C 64, Chicago

Gold Watch, Ring and Pin FREE
This Solid Gold Plated Watch, fully guaranteed, also Solid Plated Stone Ring and Moon Stone Stick Pin FREE for selling 22 packages of our Victoria Bluing Penc—10c pkg. Everyone uses penc. Send name & address. Pens mailed same day.
Victor Pen Co. Dept. 41, Chicago

IF YOU APPRECIATE
FINE WHISKEY
Write us promptly and thereby place yourself in position to receive
FREE OF COST A FULL QUART
of the best Straight Whiskey made.
SECURITY CO., 316 S. Water St., CHICAGO.
Name
Address

$3 RAZOR 98c FREE TRIAL.

We want to send you this fine razor by mail postpaid for a free trial. If at the end of 10 days you are fully satisfied, send us 98c our wholesale price. If unsatisfactory, send it back. This is the greatest razor bargain ever offered. It has a ⅝ in. blade, extra hollow ground and made of the finest steel. The easiest shaving razor ever made. Fully guaranteed. Other razors up to $5.00. Write for catalog and trial offer.
STANLEY CAMPBELL & CO., 8016-22 Calumet Ave., Chicago

LADY AGENTS COIN MONEY with our DRESS SHIELDS, Ladies' Companion, Safety Belts, Aprons, Sleeves, Shoulder Braces, Syringes, Rubber Gloves, Bed Sheets, Diapers, etc. Ready sales and large profits. We have 500 agents clearing $100 a month.
B. L. ERWIN & CO.,
386 Western Avenue—Chicago, Illinois.

YOU CAN STOP
Your Husband, Son or Friend from **DRINKING**
Write me, and I will tell you the only proven method that will actually stop a man from drinking; either with or without his consent, and without danger to him or loss of his time. It will cost you nothing to try. I have given my advice to hundreds upon hundreds, and never heard of a case where it failed. Address **W. J. Tobin, S. R. 108, Chicago, Ill., 95 Dearborn Street.** Absolute secrecy promised.

5 ACRE FARMS, $100
NEAR ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.
$5 DOWN $5 MONTHLY
Right in locality where people are making big successes raising fruit, berries, truck, vegetables, poultry and eggs. Fertile soil, pure air and water, Healthful, mild climate puts produce early in market for fancy prices. 2 mainline railroads, fine shipping facilities to Atlantic City, Philadelphia and New York markets. Large river and large manufacturing town nearby. Title insured. Write for booklet. Daniel Frazier Co., 680 Bailey Bldg., Phila., Pa.

WOMEN WHY SUFFER From Monthly Irregularities
which can be promptly relieved by using AMASIRA. Testimonial letters from women who have suffered, also high endorsements from leading physicians and hospitals throughout Europe will be sent FREE to all who send us $1.00 for 4 months' treatment. Address Zimmermann, 470 53d St., Brooklyn, New York.

MY beautiful $400 piano, almost new; must be sold within a few days; any reasonable offer considered. 322 Buckeye st., Toledo, Ohio.

"SIMPLE DARNER"—A new, time and labor saving invention for women. Fits any sewing machine; darns stockings, linens, laces, lingerie, smoothly, neatly and perfectly. Guaranteed satisfactory or money returned. Postpaid, with complete instructions, 35c. Agents wanted. Home Supply Co., 438 Spitzer, Toledo, O.

MESSINA IS SHAKEN

Violent Earthquake Felt in the Ruined City.

Messina, April 8.—A violent earthquake was experienced here last night at 9:45 o'clock. It was accompanied by subterranean rumblings.

TWO WRITERS OF FAME

Marion Crawford, Novelist, and Swinburne, English Poet, Dead.

Dispatches today announce the death of two of the most distinguished men of letters of the present day.

F. Marion Crawford, the American novelist, died late yesterday afternoon at Sorrento, Italy, where he had lived for many years.

Charles Algernon Swinburne, the English poet, died early this morning at his home, "The Pines," Putney, near London.

Wrote Many Novels.

Marion Crawford was 55 years of age. He was one of the most prolific of American writers, having published between twenty and thirty novels as well as many sketches. His work, while not entitling him to a place among the great masters of fiction, was much above the mediocre. He was scholarly and a man of the utmost "cultivation," as a certain aesthetic quality usually is termed. Italian life and manners especially appealed to him. He had long lived in Italy, but was a true American in spirit and wrote for his countrymen.

Among Crawford's best known novels are Mr. Isaacs, Dr. Claudius, Saint Ilario, Sarasonesca, An American Politician, Zoroaster, The Children of the King, The Little City of Hope. When taken ill he was at work upon a book on mediaeval Italy, a labor to which he had given much of his time for several years.

Mr. Crawford was born in Italy, the son of Americans. His father, Thomas Crawford, was a sculptor. He was educated in the United States and abroad. His first literary work was done in India. He married an American and is survived by his wife and several children.

Great Lyrical Poet.

Charles Algernon Swinburne was undoubtedly the greatest living lyrical poet. He was 72 years old last Monday, and for many years had shared with George Meredith the claim to being England's dean of literature. He possessed a facile metrical style that made his compositions exquisite pen pictures. His verse is largely of a sensuous, passionate type, and it was this fact that prevented his designation by Queen Victoria as poet laureate.

This characteristic of Swinburne's poetry did not represent his own trend of thought—he was prone to idealize love—it was a protest against the Philistinism of middle class England. Nevertheless, the quality of animal passion is everywhere apparent in his writing, and to the casual reader seems to predominate. He seldom wrote robustly, and did not have any well defined philosophy of life. It is the form of his polished verse that entitles him to fame.

Mr. Swinburne never married. He was born in London, the son of Admiral Swinburne and Lady Henrietta, daughter of the Earl of Ashburnham. He was educated in France and England. In his youth and early manhood he was one of the coterie including the Rosettis, Alma Todema, Burne, Jones, Ruskin and other men and women of the ultra refined temperament.

SMOKE POURING FROM MT. ETNA

Naples, April 12.—Mount Etna is in eruption. A great cloud of smoke is pouring out of the crater and ashes are falling thick on the surrounding country. Considerable apprehension is felt, and the progress of the eruption is being watched with anxiety.

FEAR FOR THE FRUIT

Farmers in Missouri Worried by Snow and Cold.

Chillicothe, Mo., April 13.—A heavy snow fell in this part of Missouri yesterday. The temperature dropped to below the freezing point. Fears are entertained that the large apple and peach orchards in this section will be slightly damaged.

Free Receipt For Weak Men

Send Name and Address Today—You Can Have It Free and Be Strong and Vigorous.

I have in my possession a prescrtption for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So, I have determined to send a copy of the prescription, free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men, and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor-failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow man to send them a copy in confidence, so that any man, anywhere, who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what, I believe, is the quickest-acting, restorative, upbuilding, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and, so, cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 3938 Luck Bldg., Detroit., Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid receipt, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, free of charge.

TROOPS MUTINY IN CAPITAL OF TURKEY

Troops Surge About House of Parliament Calling for Resignation of Grand Vizier.

BULLETIN.

Constantinople, April 13.—The mutinous troops are demonstrating against the building of parliament. Panic has seized the people and all through the city shops are being hurridly closed.

Vienna, April 13.—Startling rumors are current here to the effect that Constantinople today is in throes of a grave revolutionary movement.

The information thus far received is meagre, but it is reported that several thousand mutinous troops have surrounded the building of parliament and that the whole capital is in a state of dangerous excitement.

Another report says that the ministry of war has been occupied by the insurgents and that the minister has fled.

In Full Revolution.

Frankfort, April 13.—"Constantinople has been in full revolution since early this morning," declares the Constantinople correspondent of the Frankfurter Zeitung, in a dispatch from the Turkish capital dated today.

"Two battalions of troops quartered in the ministry of war marched out at dawn, headed by their officers, and proceeded via Divan and Jolu streets to the Mosque of St. Sophia, from which point they surrounded the building of parliament. They demand the dismissal of the grand vizier, the president of the chamber and the minister of war."

WOMAN IS FREED

Georgia Sampson Is Found Not Guilty of Murder of Her Youthful Husband.

Lyons, N. Y., April 10.—Mrs. Georgia Allyn Sampson, the young woman who has been on trial for her life since Monday on the charge that she had shot and killed her husband, Harry Sampson, was acquitted shortly after 10 o'clock last night and was immediately given her freedom.

The jury, true to the general prophesy, rendered a prompt verdict. It followed a deliberation of only one hour and fifty-five seconds and was received in the old Wayne county court house with scattering cheers and applause.

Receives Congratulations.

Mrs. Sampson was trembling perceptibly when the jury announced its verdict, but she recovered her composure immediately and smilingly received the embraces of her father and other relatives and the congratulations of her friends.

She held an impromptu reception in the court, thanking and shaking hands with her lawyers and members of the jury and also greeting and thanking the representatives of the press.

District Attorney Gilbert, in speaking of the verdict, said: "I am satisfied. I have done my full duty by the people and by the prisoner." Mr. Gilbert, though a cousin of Mrs. Sampson by marriage, stood by his duty and prosecuted as vigorously as the facts would permit.

Praises Her Parents.

Before going to her home Mrs. Sampson made the following statement:

This has indeed been a good Friday to me. God only knows what I have suffered, but I stood it for my parents. I am young and they are old, and I was willing to bear it. If father had given in at all, I would have dropped, too.

"Dear, dear father, I never knew before what a father's love means. I knew I would be acquitted when the trial came, and I was contented to wait."

"Where was I when Harry was shot? Well, I will tell you all I can. On the Saturday before Harry's death I had been to Rochester all the afternoon. When I left home I left my good clothes in the east room upstairs. I came down in the morning, and Harry was still wrangling. I was excited, and don't remember what was said. Father told me to go upstairs and keep still. I was hurt and went away.

"I first went into the east room upstairs, and stood by the window. I saw father drive out of the yard. Then I went to gather up the clothes I had worn to Rochester, and put them in the long clothes press off the east room, which was used by the entire family for a dressing room. After I put my skirts on a hook I went about my upstairs work, fixing my working clothes in the store room.

"Then I went into the front room and tidied up something there. It was there I heard the outcry. It was about 8 o'clock. I ran down stairs as fast as I could, and saw Harry lying on the floor. He could not speak to me. You know the rest.

Innocent of Wrong.

"I am innocent of any wrong in connection with my husband's death. I slaved with him, raised chickens to help him, raked hay with him to save expenses, and I loved him more than my life. His memory is as dear to me today as anything I have left on earth.

"It almost broke my heart to see my father and mother put to the grief of this trial. My dear mother was too ill to stand it. She is the dearest mother in the world.

"I have not thought of any plans for the future. I shall remain with my father and mother as long as they want me to. Later I may visit sister and aunt in Chicago. I wish to thank my lawyers, Mr. Tinklebagh and Mr. Hamn, Justice Rich, Sheriff Collis and his family, and my relatives who stood so loyally by me. Also I thank the newspaper men for their kindnesses. Mr. Gilbert's treatment of me was fair, although he was severe. He only did his duty as he saw it. I have no malice toward anyone.

"I never dreamed that I would be accused of my husband's death until Mr. Hamilton testified at the inquest and every one pointed at me. I am afraid of a gun.

"In conclusion, please let me say that the reports that I was disloyal to my husband are not true. The greatest grief of the trial after the agony any girl must feel on seeing a sick mother on a witness stand for her sake, was the attempt made to blacken my character."

Sick Headache

"I have been a frequent sufferer from sick headache for years, yet never would use headache tablets. My son persuaded me to use Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills during one of these attacks, and to my surprise it gave me speedy relief."
MRS. LOUISE LEWELLYN,
Powell, S. D.

When the disturbance which causes headache affects the nerves at the base of the brain, which connect with the large nerves that run to the stomach, heart and lungs, it frequently causes headache with vomiting—sick headache.

Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills soothe the irritated brain nerves and the cause of pain is removed.

The first package will benefit; if not, your druggist will return your money.

ANOTHER GOLD EFFLUX

Clews Points Out Danger in Money Situation.

Special Telegram to The Blade.

New York, April 10.—Henry Clews' financial review says in part: Owing to intervention of the Easter holidays the market has shown a quieter and somewhat irregular tone. After a rise of 4 or 5 points, more or less realizing of profits was inevitable in the absence of any fresh stimulus to an advance. Easy money, however, is still the dominating factor in the stock market. Owing to the general inactivity of business money is very redundant, not only in York, but at all financial centers at home and abroad. The supply of commercial paper is limited, and borrowers can now readily find better terms in London than in New York.

At home the ease in money is greatly aggravated by the mass of paper injected into our currency. On April 1 the amount of circulation in the United States was $3,086,000,000, an increase, compared with last year, amounting to more than $10,000,000, of which $6,000,000 was in bank notes; and this in spite of the provision allowing the withdrawal of $9,000,000 annually. Meanwhile, the treasury lost $21,000,000 of gold during the same period. Such an abnormal amount of paper currency at a time of business depression, when money is not wanted is working out its inevitably undesirable results.

Another feature in connection with the monetary situation is that a redundacy of paper money always tends to drive out gold. We have already returned all of the precious metals brought in after the panic, and unless we are favored with much larger crops next autumn, and plenty of export, we may have to face another heavy efflux of gold to pay for increasing importations, unless we can settle our international trade balance by manufactured products or securities.

Our crop outlook is becoming of increasing importance. The condition of winter wheat is anything but satisfactory, the acreage being considerably smaller than a year ago and condition lower. While there has been some improvement in the latter respect, the prospects are that the winter crop will be the lowest since 1904, some estimates placing it as low as 426,000,000 bushels. The effect of this si already seen in the abnormally high prices for wheat; for the world's crop of wheat is unquestionably short and has not kept pace with the growth in population.

General trade conditions, while somewhat mixed, present a decided element of hopefulness. Business is strictly moderate in volume, yet the tendency is certainly towards improvement, especially where orders have been stimulated by concessions in prices.

The immediate outlook for the market is favorable; all known drawbacks have been amply discounted, and the abnormal supply of cheap money will render it easy for market manipulators to create a more active and stronger market. It must be remembered also that important new issues are pending, and that it is to the advantage of the great banking interests to have the market wear a buoyant and more active appearance.

FAIL FOR $1,500,000

New York Brokerage Firm in Hands of Receivers.

New York, April 13.—An involuntary petition in bankruptcy was filed in the United States district court here today against the brokerage firm of Ennis & Stoppani, members of the Consolidated Stock exchange and the Chicago Board of Trade. The liabilities are alleged in the petition to be $1,500,000 and the assets $400,000. Lindsay Russell was appointed receiver.

Following the appointment of the receiver in the bankruptcy proceedings, it was announced that Ennis & Stoppani had made a general assignment to Treadwell Cleveland.

The petitioning creditors in the bankruptcy proceedings were: Charles Sincare, with claims of $2,500; Ethel B. Newton, with claims of $250, and Fred J. Ringley, $2,395.

It is alleged in the petition that the firm committed an act in bankruptcy in paying over certain amounts to preferred creditors, and that property valued a $5,000 had been illegally ransferred.

One of the allegations, made on information and belief in the bankruptcy petition, was that the firm had failed to meet its margin obligations on the Chicago board of trade and had admitted its inability to meet its obligations there.

NEW INDICTMENT AGAINST BOYLES

Cleveland, O., April 13.—Mr. and Mrs. James P. Boyle, under arrested at Mercer, Pa., on the charge of kidnaping Willie Whitla, of Sharon, Pa., were again indicted by the Cuyahoga county grand jury here today, on the charge of child stealing and harboring a stolen child.

Following the arrest of the Boyles here March 22, the day after the Whitla boy was returned to his father here, the grand jury indicted the couple on the charge of blackmail. This step was taken as a precaution against possible failure of the Pennsylvania authorities to obtain a conviction. It was feared that Mrs. Boyle especially might be able to evade the charge there.

Later developments have shown there may be real grounds upon which to base the fear, and the local authorities decided to further protect themselves against a miscarriage of justice by having the additional indictment found. The Boyles now are charged with blackmail, kidnaping and harboring a stolen child in this county.

TO STOP SLAVERY

Portuguese Government Decides to Reform Angola.

Lisbon, April 13.—The government has decided to introduce a rigid system of inspection in Angola, West Africa, to put an end to the conditions of enforced labor among the native workers on the cocoa plantations which have resulted in conditions akin to slavery.

FREE 10 "Beauties of Friendship" Souvenir Post Cards
The most beautiful and grandest set of Post Cards ever produced, sent free to you if you will show them to seven of your friends. Write today. Enclose 2 two-cent stamps to help pay postage. Returned if you don't say our great offer is the best you ever heard of. Simmons Pub. Co., 520 Springfield, Ohio **FREE**

THE WEEK IN CONGRESS

Tuesday, April 6.—House.—Wrangling confusion, captious objections, personalities and language bordering on vituperation marked the first day's discussion of the Payne tariff bill for amendment in the House of Representatives today. With practicaly a full attendance the members were wrought up to a high tension and were prepared to fight to the last ditch for those things which their constituents were demanding. The entire day practically was consumed in discussing the lumber and hides schedules. Led by Mr. Towney (Minn.) the advocates of free lumber went down to defeat by the narrow margin of six votes, following the striking out of the countervailing duty on lumber. An overwhelming majority was mustered against an amendment by Mr. Scott (Kan.) taking hides from the free list and fixing a duty upon them of 10 per cent at valorem. The barley schedule came in for a lively discussion, and when the bill was laid aside for the day there were pending two amendments, one raising the rate in the Payne bill from 15 cents to 25 cents a bushel, and the other fixing the rate at 10 per cent ad valorem. The sum total of the day's work, with the exception of the elimination of the countervailing duty on lumber, which was a committee amendment, was to leave the bill in identically the condition in which the committee reported it. This grants free raw hides and a duty of $1 per thousand on sawed lumber.

The senate was not in session today.

Wednesday, April 7.—House.—The House Republican organization met defeat today when by united action of the insurgents and the Democrats an amendment was made to the Payne tariff bill practically providing for crude oil and its products. Speaker Cannon tried in vain to prevent the action, but in spite of the special rule limiting the schedules to be discussed. The removal of the duty is intended as a blow at the Standard company. During the day tea and coffee were placed on free list, the barley schedule was left unchanged, and the duty on barites is doubled. Mr. Stanley (Ky.), and Mr. Clark (Fla.) talked of the proposed duties.

The senate was not in session today.

Thursday, April 8.—Senate.—A bill to provide for the taking of the thirteenth and subsequent censuses was today reported to the senate and it will be considered tomorrow. Several resolutions calling on the secretaries of state, or agriculture and of commerce and labor for information concerning duties on sugar were adopted.

House.—Because of the numerous committee amendments to the Payne tariff bill the House was compelled to sit until late in the evening in order to insure action on the various paragraphs coming within the scope of the special rule adopted last Monday before the final vote is taken tomorrow afternoon. At one time the Republicans were caught napping and an amendment by Mr. Clark of Missouri was adopted fixing the rate of duty on wire of the No. 16 gauge at three-quarters of a cent per pound, but this was thrown out later. Fearing that he might not meet with such success again, Chairman Payne took his Republican colleagues to task for absenting themselves from the chamber and appealed to them to remain in their seats. This was done, with the result that in all the committee amendments he was sustained. With a number of committee amendments yet to be considered, the House adjourned.

Friday, April 9.—Senate.—During nearly five hours today the bill to provide for the thirteenth and subsequent censuses was under discussion in the senate. The measure had been amended since its original passage by congress in the last session, when it was vetoed by President Roosevelt because of provisions allowing senators and representatives practically to select employes of the census for appointment. These features of the bill called forth a general discussion in the senate on the subject of civil service reform and the present operation of the law was denounced by several senators. As amended by the committee the bill placed appointments in the census under the civil service commission. The consideration of the bill had not been completed when the senate adjourned.

House.—The Payne tariff bill was passed by the House tonight by a vote of 217 to 161, after three weeks of consideration. Republican, Austin (Tenn.), voted against the measure and four Democrats, all from Louisiana, Broussard, Estopinal, Pujo and Wickliffe, voted for it. An attempt by the minority leader, Chamn Clark, to recommit the bill with instructions failed. A resolution was adopted that until further orders sessions be held only on Mondays and Thursdays.

Saturday, April 10.—Senate.—The bill to provide for the taking of the next census was passed by the senate today in a form which, it is understood, will meet the views of the President regarding appointments for census work under regulations by the civil service commission. Efforts by some senators to allow these appointments to be made upon recommendation of senators and representatives without examination received only slight support. The interesting feature was a speech by Mr. Bailey, in which he was reported that if the bill as passed did not provide for appointment under the civil service the President would veto it, and added that if any such "threat" were made it would stir up severe criticism of the President.

The house was not in session today.

Monday, April 12.—Senate.—The tariff bill was reported today by Mr. Aldrich from the committee on finance, and on Thursday it will be taken up for consideration. Senator Daniel led the Democratic criticism of the reporting of the bill to the senate without affording the Democratic members an opportunity to inspect it. Senator Aldrich replied that to have proceeded otherwise would have entailed long delay, and reminded the members of the minority that the Republican majority alone would be held responsible for the tariff legislation to be enacted by this congress. A message from the house asking for the return of the bill reached the senate too late for action. Adjourned until Thursday.

House.—The house was in session two hours and fifteen minutes today. The first action taken was the adoption of a resolution calling upon the senate for a return of the Payne tariff bill next Thursday in order that it might be corrected so as to include products of petroleum in the free list. During the confusion incident to the passage of the bill Friday last it was believed that this provision was embodied in it, but it developed that such was not the case, although it clearly was the intention to include these products along with crude and refined petroleum. The house authorized its enrolling clerk to make the correction, and he can make the change within a few minutes. It will therefore cause no delay in tariff legislation. There was much opposition to two resolutions, one to appoint several janitors and the other to appropriate for the expenses of the house incident to the extra session. The first was defeated by being laid on the table, and the second was adopted only after Mr. Macon of Arkansas had forced a roll call on a point of no quorum. After sending the census bill to conference the house adjourned until Thursday.

EXPORTS CHECKED

According to Bradstreet's high prices for wheat in March had the effect of checking exports from this country and of attracting grain to visible supply points in this country, Canada and Europe, the result being that visible stocks in Europe and America showed only trifling decreases on April 1 from March 1. Very much the same showing was made one and two years ago, though in 1907 a small gain was shown in the world's stocks.

Vihible stocks in the United States on April 1 aggregated 44,366,000 bushels, a decrease of 3,000,000 bushels from March 1. Canadian stocks aggregated 19,253,000 bushels an increase of almost 2,000,000 bushels, the net result being that aggregate stocks in the United States and Canada on April 1 amounted to 63,619,000 bushels, a decrease of only 1,012,000 bushels from March 1, and comparing with a decrease of 5,450,000 bushels in the same period a year ago. In 1907 an increase of 2,616,000 bushels was shown, but in the three preceding years decreases were the rule. European stocks on April 1 aggregated 78,190,000 bushels, a decrease of only 200,000 bushels from March 1. A year ago in Europe stocks increased 4,200,000 bushels, and two years ago they gained 600,000 bushels. The total American and European supply on April 1 was 141,700,000 bushels, a decrease of 1,2000,000 bushels from March 1. In the same period a year ago an identical decrease was shown, while two years ago an increase of 3,200,000 bushels was recorded. The total world's stock on April 1 is shown to be 7,200,000 bushels smaller than a year ago and 25,400,000 bushels smaller than two years ago. The United States and Canadian stock is 10,500,000 bushels larger than at this date last year, but the European supply is 17,700,000 bushels smaller.

THE MARKETS.

The Grain Markets.

Toledo, O., April 13.—Wheat kept on running up from the effects of bullish enthusiasm and an excited, rising market at Liverpool. Toledo cash was swept into the main current of trading and carried up a half cent to $1.40½ at the outset. Later in the morning, the option yielded half the advance. Scoring a gain of ½c on the call, the May option arose from $1.39, the opening, to $1.39¾ before noon. The far months did not share in the advance with cash and May. In fact, September and December displayed pronounced weakness before midday, though prices were held above the previous closes. July started ⅞c higher at $1.20, September 1c up at $1.12½ and December 1c higher at $1.12. July, September and December lost ¾c in the initial half hour.

Strength at Liverpool was indicated by an opening 2⅞d to 3¼d higher than Saturday's close. At 1:30 p. m. values were 3¼d to 3¾d advanced. Strength in American and a bullish statistical position were responsible for the foreign uplift. Receipts were light in most markets.

Realizing sales during the middle of the day caused a reaction, which was followed by a stronger undertone from support by longs. Local milling demand was urgent and 20,000 bushels brought practically the top of the market. Cash closed unchanged at $1.40, May ½c up at $1.39, July ⅝c higher at $1.19¾, and September ¾c off at $1.10¾.

As has been the case several days, coarse grains were but little affected by the flurry in wheat. Corn options were ⅛c higher at the outset, May opening at 68¼c, July and September at 68⅛c. At Liverpool the market was dull, the only strength coming from sympathy with wheat. Receipts were under the estimates and the weather bullish.

Closing corn prices: Cash 69c, May 67½c, July 67½c, September 67½c.

Like corn, oats was about steady. May opened unchanged at 56c, losing ¼c in the initial half hour. July gained ¼c, after opening unchanged at 49c. September, at the outset, was ⅛c higher at 46⅞c.

At the close prices were: Cash 56c, May 55½c, July 48⅜c, September 40½c.

Somewhat to the surprise of the trade, clover seed displayed a heavy feeling, and following a weakness and lower values on the opening all options sagged as the morning progressed. Receipts were 730 cars against shipments of 500. Last year, on the same day, 35 bags were received and but 10 shipped. Rains are looked upon as bearish. April opened unchanged at $6.05, October 2½c lower at $6.82½, December 10c lower at $6.75, and March 10c off at $6.90. All options slumped 10c in addition in the early hours, with the exception of October, which dropped 7½c.

Weakness resulted from light offerings, when longs tried to take profits. The market firmed up late in the session. Cash and April closed 20c off at $5.85, October at $6.00, December 17½c off at $6.62½, and March 25c lower at $6.75.

TOLEDO.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close Apr. 13.	Close Apr. 12
Wheat—					
Cash	1.40½	1.41¼	1.39½	1.40	1.40
May	1.39	1.40	1.38	1.39	1.38½
July	1.20	1.20⅝	1.18½	1.19¾	1.19½
Sept.	1.12½	....	....	1.10¾	1.11½
Dec.	1.12	....	....	1.10½	1.11
Corn—					
Cash	....	....	....	69	69
May	68¼	....	67¼	67½	68⅛
July	68⅞	....	....	67½	68
Sept.	68¼	....	....	67½	68
Oats—					
Cash	....	....	....	56	56
May	56	....	....	55½	56
July	49	....	....	48¼	49
Sept	40¾	....	....	40½	40¾
Clover Seed—					
Cash	....	....	....	5.85	6.05
April	6.05	....	5.80	5.85	6.05
Oct	6.82½	....	5.55	6.60	6.85
Dec	6.75	....	....	6.62½	6.85
March	6.90	....	....	6.75	7.00
No. 2	....	....	....	5.65	5.95
No. 3	....	....	....	5.60	5.75
Rejected	....	....	....	5.25	5.55
Neg.	....	....	....	5.10	5.30
Rye—					
No. 1	....	....	....	....	87½
No. 2	....	....	....	....	87
No. 3	....	....	....	....	84
Timothy—					
Prime	....	....	....	1.80	1.80
Alsike—					
Prime	....	....	....	8.10	8.15

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
May	1.27	1.28	1.26⅞	1.27½	1.26¼
July	1.16⅝	1.17½	1.15⅝	1.16¾	1.16¼
Sept.	1.09⅛	1.09⅛	1.07⅝	1.07⅝	1.08
Dec.	1.07⅝	1.08⅛	1.06	1.06⅝	1.07¼
Corn—					
May	66⅝	66⅝	65⅝	66½	....
July	66⅝	66⅝	65⅝	65⅝	65⅝
Sept.	66⅛	66⅝	65⅛	65⅝	65⅞
Dec.	....	....	....	57⅛	57⅝
Oats—					
May	54⅝	54⅝	....	53⅞	54⅝
July	48¼	48¾	47½	47⅝	47½
Sept.	40⅝	40⅝	40	40¼	40½

NEW YORK.

Wheat—					
July	....	....	....	....	1.23¼
Corn—					
July	....	....	....	....	73¼

ST. LOUIS.

Wheat—					
May	1.26	1.26¼	1.25¼	1.25¼	1.25¼
July	1.13¼	1.13¾	1.11¾	1.12¾	1.12¾

MINNEAPOLIS.

Wheat—					
May	....	....	....	1.24¼	1.23¼
July	....	....	....	1.24½	1.23¾

DULUTH.

Wheat—					
May	....	....	....	1.24	1.23
July	....	....	....	1.24¾	1.23¾

CHICAGO PROVISIONS.

Pork—					
May	18.20	....	18.05	18.15	18.10
July	18.02	18.02	....	18.10	18.07
Lard—					
May	10.37	....	10.30	10.35	10.37
July	10.52	....	10.40	10.47	10.47
Sept	10.60	....	10.52	10.60	10.62
Ribs—					
May	9.50	....	9.40	9.42	9.47
July	9.60	9.62	9.52	9.57	9.60
Sept	9.77	....	9.67	9.70	9.72

Toledo Live Stock.

Toledo Union Stock Yards, April 13.—Demand was good for all grades of hogs today, and prices averaged about 5c higher. Receipts were fairly liberal, and everything sold early. Other live stock ruled steady.

Toledo closing quotations:

Hogs—Selected heavies, average 200 to 300 lbs., $7.60@7.65; mediums, $7.55@7.60; Yorkers, $7.50@7.55; light Yorkers, 100 to 140 lbs., $6.75@7.15; good pigs, $6.50@6.75; stags and roughs, $4.50@6.55; mixed, $7.55@7.60; bulk of sales, $7.60.

Cattle—Steers, 1,250 lbs. and up, $6.00@6.50; fat steers, 1,050 to 1,150 lbs., $5.00@6.75; fair to good, $4.50@5.00; plain light steers, $3.50@4.25; extra heifers, $5.00@5.50; fair to medium, $4.00@4.75; light, $2.50@3.00; fat cows, $4.50@5.00; good butcher cows, $3.50@4.00; common cows, $1.50@2.00; milkers and springers, $35.00@55.00; choice butchers' bulls, $4.50@4.75; common to good bulls, $3.00@4.25; stockers and feeders, $3.00@4.85.

Shep and lambs—Good to choice lambs, $7.00@7.50; fair to good, $6.00@6.75; common and light, $3.75@5.00; sheep, good to choice yearlings, $575@6.50; good to choice wethers, $4.75@5.25; good to choice ewes, $4.25@4.75; mixed, $4.00@4.75; bucks, $2.75@3.75; culls and common, $2.25@3.25.

Calves—Prime veals, $7.50@9.00; fair to good, $6.50@7.50; common, $4.50@6.50; heavy and pail fed, $5.50@6.00.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, April 13.—Cattle—Receipts estimated at 1,500; market shade higher; beeves, $4.85@7.20; Texas steers, $4.60@5.80; western steers, $4.40@5.90; stockers and feeders, $3.55@5.60; cows and heifers, $2.10@6.00; calves, $5.50@7.75. Hogs—Receipts estimated at 10,000; market 5c higher; light, $7.10@7.45; mixed, $7.15@7.55; heavy, $7.25@7.60; rough, $7.20@7.35; good to choice, hevy, $7.35@7.60; pigs, $6.00@6.85; bulk of sales, $7.40@7.50. Sheep—Receipts estimated at 12,000; market strong; native, $3.75@6.25; western, $3.75@6.30; yearlings, $6.25@7.25; lambs, native, $5.50@8.20; western, $5.50@8.30.

East Buffalo Live Stock.

East Buffalo, April 13.—(By Swope, Hughes, Waltz & Benstead.)—Cattle—2 cars; steady. Hogs—10 cars, strong; heavy, $7.70@7.80; yorkers, $7.50@7.70; pigs, $7. Sheep—20 cars, slow; best lambs, $8.35; yearlings, $7.00@7.25; wethers, $6.25@6.60; ewes, $5.75@6.25. Calves—Lower, $5.00@8.00.

Cleveland Live Stock.

Cleveland, April 13.—(Bower & Bower's Special Report to The Blade.)—Hogs, receipts 30 cars